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The Great Florentine Preacher.

(Rev. W. C. Barclay, in the 'Standard.')

In Ferrara, Italy, Sept. 21, 1452, of a pious and noble mother and a worthless father, was born Girolamo Savonarola, one of the greatest preachers of righteousness of any age, and destined to receive world-honor as the greatest moral reformer. His parents purposed that he would be a physician. While they were absent from home he fled to Bologna and entered a convent of the Dominican monks. The family were eminent as physicians, and it was only the unspeakable corruption of his native city and of the times that drove him into the convent. Twenty-three years later, at the age of forty-six, in the Piazza della Signoria, the forum of the republic, in Florence, Savonarola was burned at the stake. Wrote Martin Luther: 'This man was put to death solely for having desired that someone should come to purify the slough of Rome.'

Savonarola was a man of remarkable talents. His intellectual acumen, together with the extreme diligence and devotion with which he applied himself to the monastic life and to study, caused his rapid advancement. Very soon he was made teacher of the novices. In six years he was transferred to the monastery of St. Mark's in Florence, and ten years later he was elected prior. He was a poet, and a friend of literature and art. Among the artists of Florence were some of his closest friends. An element of his great natural genius was an extraordinary prophetic insight. History records a considerable number of examples of prophecies made by him which were fulfilled. Men hard of belief admitted his possession of this power. That every forecast of his was fulfilled I presume no one would claim. Infallibility did not pertain to him, though, perhaps, he himself and some of his disciples believed that it did.

Savonarola was pre-eminent as a preacher. No man in the history of the Church, since Apostolic times, has wrought greater effects by preaching than this Dominican monk. Florence was a most wicked city. Immorality was all-pervading. The rulers of the city made systematic efforts to corrupt the people—and succeeded. The inhabitants were sunk in depths of moral degradation. Love of virtue and enthusiasm for religion were alike dead. Worldliness and sensuous gaiety reigned. Against this awful tide of sinfulness and vice stood one man, the prior of St. Mark's. He purposed to call the city to righteousness, and his method was preaching. Marvellous was his success! As the result of his preaching Florence became a changed city. The people thronged the churches, and 'they sought the Lord with tears! They exalted Christ as king, and the city of Florence became, to all outward view, more nearly a city of God than has been the case with any other city in all history.' 'The people of Florence,' wrote a contemporary, 'have become fools for the love of Christ.'

What was the method of the preaching which wrought such wonderful effect? Savonarola was saturated with the Bible. Years before he had given himself to its study. He had meditated long over the messages of the prophets. Their thoughts had entered into the fibre of his being. When he preached he stood forth in the spirit and power of Elijah and Isaiah and John Baptist. He had given much study to the Book of Revelation. Some portions seemed to have been written with special reference to his own degenerate days. He, too, like John, had beheld the Lord in rapt visions. Living in a superstitious time, it is little wonder that he seemed to the people of Florence to speak as the very mouthpiece of God. In the library

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

of San Lorenzo, at Florence, may be seen the Bible that Savonarola studied. Its broad margin is written all over in the small, neat, careful notes which tell of the earnest, diligent study of the Scripture, which, in those days of spiritual declension made this monk the mighty man of God that he was. Another chief element of the power of Savonarola as a preacher 'was his intense conviction, his profound apprehension of God, his vivid sense of eternity, and his overwhelming belief in the judgments to come. He resembled Paul in his thorough belief in his divine mission, in his sensitiveness toward sin, and in his sympathy with God's holiness. And from all this there resulted in both a terrific realism in their interpretation of the divine wrath.' Added to all this, Savonarola was a man of the people. His sermons dealt with contemporary needs. They were sermons of the day. They had to do with the whole range of men's needs and activities. Against his will, he was made the leader of the people in the struggle for the overthrow of the Medici and for the restoration of liberty. The constitution which he gave to Florence was the best, for justice and sound policy, that she ever had in all her innumerable mutations. Savonarola stands in history as the greatest of preacher-statesmen.

We come to the consideration of his work as a reformer. Savonarola cannot be said to have been a reformer in a doctrinal sense. He held fast to the theology, as to the discipline, the ritual, and the polity of the Roman Church. His loyalty to the Dominican order was unfaltering, and he made it his boast that his order had never given birth to a heretic. He believed in the intercession of saints and angels. He believed the Roman doctrines concerning the Virgin. He held that the Pope was the true successor of Peter, and he took an active part in all the pious rites of Florence, 'including the processions in which the miraculous tutelary Madonna is borne through the streets.' He expressly declares: 'I have ever believed, and do believe, all that is believed by the holy Roman Church, and have ever submitted, and do submit, myself to her.'

The revolt of Savonarola was not against Rome. It was not like the later reformation—a doctrinal revolt. It was moral—'the revolt of goodness against indescribable wickedness.' The papacy, as an institution, was sacred to him, the reigning Pope was intolerable. He declared that the Pope had purchased his office, and

was, therefore, guilty of simony; hence, that he was no true Pope. He deliberately and continually disobeyed the dictates of the Pope. He refused to journey to Rome when summoned. After he was excommunicated he still continued to preach. He reserved to himself the keeping of his own conscience. He made his appeal from the Pope to Christ. Here he was standing on Protestant ground. In reserving to himself the right of private judgment in regard to papal commands, and in reserving the right to appeal from pope and council to the word of God, Savonarola was a Protestant.

Here is his thought concerning the modern doctrine of infallibility: 'Thou art mad to say that a Pope cannot err, when there have been so many who have erred. . . . I tell thee that the Pope may err, even in his judgments and sentences. Go, read how many decrees have been made by one Pope and revoked by the next, and how many opinions held by some popes are contradicted by those of other pontiffs.'

It is now more than 400 years since the fires went out at the stake to which Savonarola was chained. His persecutors found that, though they had burned the man, they could not extinguish his influence. The fires of his testimony to truth and his witness to morality and virtue had been kindled never to go out. His disciples were wont to come to the spot marked by the flames, and kiss the stones of the pavement. Learning of their devotion, the reigning duke determined to put a stop to the annoying custom. Accordingly, he caused to be erected a great fountain, with Neptune and Tritons and four sea goddesses. This expedient served only one purpose—that unexpected. It served to mark for all coming generations the sacred spot of the martyrdom of the great Florentine. Whatever doubt might have come to exist as to its exact locality, it is now forever fixed by a monument.' Travellers and pilgrims from every land turn to the hallowed spot, and say: 'There was burned the martyr of Florence, one of God's missionary apostles, who kept up the true succession in the age of apostacy.'

Maid Margery's Laugh and the Chinese Mob.

A TRUE STORY.

(By E. A. Taylor, in 'S. S. Times.')

It was nearly noon on the 11th of June, 1894, in Canton, China, and there were very anxious hearts in the house beside the 'Jesus Hall.' All round its compound the streets were filling with an excited mob, shouting vile tales of the 'foreign devils,' and urging each on to plunder and kill them.

There were two, though, in that threatened home, quite undisturbed by the nearness of danger. Margery Daw sat with Jack Frost on the big bamboo lounge, and listened to the yells of the rioters with lofty indifference. Two little fair-haired, blue-eyed children they were, though both born in Canton, and Chinese faces and Chinese talk had surrounded them for the two years of their lives.

There was a crash as the compound gate went down, and, only pausing long enough in the garden to utterly destroy everything, the rioters broke into the house.

Hardly knowing why, their mothers sat the two babies side by side on a small table against the wall, and stood beside them as the mob swarmed into the room, their slanting eyes aflame with evil, and their yellow faces distorted with hate.

And then, unprompted and unbidden, Margery rose to her feet, and raising her clasped hands to her forehead, bowed her plump little body in the Chinese 'salaam,' her baby voice lisping the salutation of peace.

The rioters stood still. Then Jack followed his playfellow's example, bumping his little forehead on the table, while he struggled through the Chinese speech of peace and welcome. Gravely they went through the ceremony of respectful salutation that every Chinese child is taught to offer his elders. And the rioters stood still.

There was a babel of Cantonese street cries, and another wave of rascality broke into the room, flourishing their heavy bamboo sticks and savage knives.

One man swept a shelf of cups and vases off with his hand, and, mingling with the crash of breaking china, came the sound of a baby's laughter. Again the mob stopped to look at the child, who watched them with eager fun in her eyes; for, missionary's daughter though she was, there was never an anarchist with a more rabid love of destruction than this same Margery.

'Little foreign devil!' screamed a newcomer, hoarsely, as he seized a brick and hurled it at her head. It struck the wall not an inch to one side of her, and fell broken on to the table.

Margery clapped her hands. 'Do it again,' she commanded in her broken Chinese. 'Nice noise. Make some more.'

A second brick was thrown, but not at her. It crashed instead against the farther wall. Murderers though they were in their hearts, no man among that mob could meet those laughing baby eyes and not know that it was impossible for him to harm her.

Then as Margery laughed again, and repeated her orders for 'more nice noises,' the savage scowls on the faces round her gave way to broad grins. And that day in Canton it was an English baby girl who really led the Chinese mob in their pillage of the mission; for they brought everything breakable in the house to be smashed in pieces before the table where she sat, rocking her fat little body from side to side in her ecstasy of laughter, while Jack pounded on the table with chubby fists and shrieked applause.

Everything in the house was destroyed, —furniture and crockery broken, clothes and bedding cut to pieces, books taken page by page and torn to fragments, but no one laid a hand on the babies or their mothers. Even when some of the viler spirits in that mob suggested that the 'foreigner's treasure' was probably hidden on the persons of the women, and wished to search them, they were only hustled into the background. The mob had settled down to the business of making Maid Margery laugh, and were not going to be turned aside even to look for treasure.

But even a Chinese mob cannot destroy when there is nothing left to be destroyed, and so at last Margery and her Chinese friends looked sadly at each other, realizing that their good times were over for the present. Then, after saluting her gravely, the leaders of the mob withdrew, and their followers trooped after them. And Margery looked down at the ruin heaped all round her on the floor, her face dimpling with the memory of past delights.

Down the long street which led to the mission hurried the missionaries, who had been detained at the Yamen until the mandarin in charge judged that the mob had time to finish their work of pillage—and worse. Then with sarcastic apologies the two men were released, and sent home with a guard of twenty soldiers to defend the mission.

It may be said that, though these soldiers carried the regulation rifles, there was not a single cartridge among the twenty of them,—a fact of which the rioters were well aware.

So they reached the mission, and the white men stood still, horror-stricken at the sight of the broken gate and the ruined garden beyond.

Then through the shattered windows, across the terrible silence of desolation, came the sound of a baby laughing.

How to Become a Christian.

'We must repent, that is, be so sorry at having grieved God that we are willing to give up doing wrong, and resolve to do what is right.'

'God asks us to give him our hearts. To do this is to place our affections on God, and strive to please him in everything.'

'Faith is taking God at his word, fully trusting him. He promises if we confess, and forsake, our sins, he will cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

'Just tell Jesus what you are, and what you need. Trust in him and salvation is yours.'

'Soon as your all you venture
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit enters,
And you are born of God.'

(These selections were kindly forwarded by J. D. Sterling, who, in an accompanying letter, spoke very nicely of the 'Northern Messenger' and its work.—Ed.)

Personal Work.

(J. H. Todd, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Personal work is important, because of the value of a soul. Mark viii., 36. If we valued a soul in the same way as God does, we would do more for the salvation of souls. It is important because it is necessary. A great many attend church services, gospel meetings, Bible classes, etc., who would like to be Christians, but do not know how, or are prevented by some fear or doubt, or misconception as to what it means to accept Christ. Some of these are anxious to be saved and just need a word of help from some Christian to lead them into the light. Standing at the door of a theatre at the close of an evangelistic meeting I was shaking hands with different ones as they went out, looking for an opportunity of speaking to some one. Amongst the people was a young woman whose face indicated that she was not happy. I drew her aside, and after some little conversation, she accepted Christ, and at once took a decided stand in her home for Him. She told me afterwards that she had felt miserable in the meeting, and had decided that if she got out, she would never go back to a meeting of that kind again, but fortunately she was stopped and spoken to, and led to Christ. This is one instance out of many who might be won by a little personal effort.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Mount of Olives.

(By Prof. Frederic S. Goodrich, M.A., in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The first view of the Holy City is sublime. As the traveller approaches Jerusalem he sees the mountains all around it, and he says: 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him.' One of these mountains whose name is most familiar and precious to the Christian heart, is the Mount of Olives.

Leave the city by St. Stephen's Gate, go down the hill and across the brook Kedron, and you are in the midst of scenes of inexpressible interest. At the time of the conspiracy of Absalom, David and his people, weeping with a loud voice, passed over the Kedron, and 'went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet.' Over this roadway, too, passed frequently the Prince of Peace as he went about his Father's business, now retiring to the beloved home at Bethany, now performing miracles of healing, now speaking as never man spake; but always seeking the extension of the kingdom. The soul thrills at the thought that here one may be walking in the very footsteps of the Messiah, but I am glad that we do not have to go to Palestine to walk in the footsteps of Jesus.

Near the base of the Mount of Olives lies the Garden of Gethsemane, surrounded by a high wall, and distinguished by the tall cypress trees—so different in appearance from the olives after which the mount is named. There are eight of the olive trees in the garden, rent by the ravages of the centuries; yet they 'still bring forth fruit in old age.' Sacred places in the garden are marked, but it is little that uncertain identifications can help amid the scenes of the world's greatest sorrow and mystery.

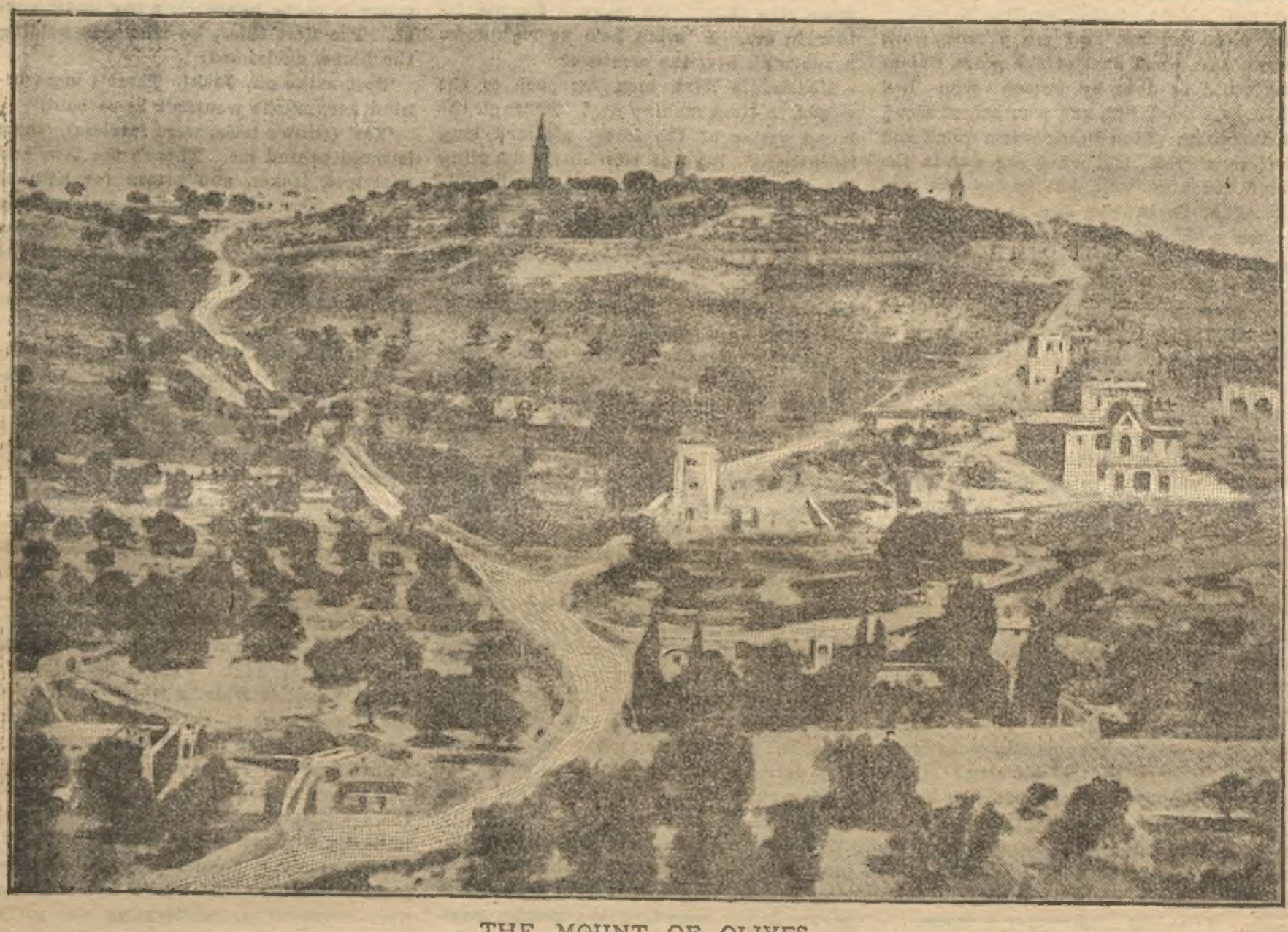
Three roads lead over the mount from the north-east corner of the Garden of Gethsemane, the old Bethany road—'the Hosanna road'—being the one to the east. Various churches have been built upon spots believed to be sacred. One is the Church of the Paternoster, reputed to stand upon the place where Jesus taught his disciples the people's prayer. This prayer is inscribed upon the walls in thirty-two different languages. Another is the Church of the Ascension, believed to stand upon the spot whence Christ ascended. This, however, is not in harmony with the sacred narrative, which says: 'He led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.'

Upon the summit of the mount there is a Russian tower, from which there is a view unlike anything else the world can afford. To the west is Jerusalem, with its slender minarets and swelling domes. To the east, but far below us, are the blue waters of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and farther away rise the mountains, one of them that Nebo forever linked with the name of the great law-giver of Israel.

On Olivet we met a lady who, with her daughter, was beginning missionary work among the Bedouins, who are the descendants of Ishmael. She had started her orphan school by receiving that day a little Arab girl. One of our party prayed that this mission might be like the 'handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains, whose fruit shall shake like Lebanon.' There is something peculiarly attractive about missionary work in the land made sacred by the earthly life of the Master. Some of the missionary work which came under our notice made me a life-long believer in the value of mission work.

Lingering thus upon the Mount of Olives, one is led to feel with Whittier, that—

"Faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.'



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Two Girls.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Nina Brock surveyed with a frown the pile of work to be finished before night. Stitching gloves for a living is monotonous work, and Nina was tired. She went on with her task, feeling like a slave. It was a beautiful day out of doors, what with birds and bees, nasturtiums and sweet peas, and the perfumed breeze fanned her hot face. How the outdoor life beckoned! Nina felt it calling her from the kitchen and the drudgery and the needle. She hated the pile of gloves and thrust her needle into them savagely. Spending her summer morning in this weary work was hard when she was all worn out.

Round the corner of the road came a low pony phaeton, and in it a vision of loveliness and freedom, was a girl about Nina's age, in a white frock and a sailor hat, a girl who flashed a bright smile at Nina in the window and waved her hand pleasantly as she passed swiftly out of sight. What there was to annoy Nina in that smile who can tell? Hidden away in the nooks and corners of the mind there are many lurking seeds of evil ready to spring into active life on provocation

Nina's particular provocation this morning was in her weariness, her dislike of an ever-beginning, never-ending stent of needlework, and the contrast which was forced upon her by the sight of somebody else who lived like the lilies and neither toiled nor spun. Besides, when they had been little children these girls had played together. This seemed to make it worse.

Nina looked after Belle Brinton, and a feeling of hot envy stole into her heart, not for the first time; a bitter question beat like a hammer in her brain. Why had one girl so much and another so little? For Belle's father owned the mill, and the village of Hiveton had grown up around and depended on the business of John Brinton for its prosperity. All the little household fires in Hiveton were kindled at the one great furnace; all the bread and meat came from the one manufactory where the husbands and fathers worked. Most of the families shared in the wage-earning, and many took work home, as a good deal of the glove finishing could be done by women who had their own machines, and who helped along in that way. Nina Brock was a quick and deft seamstress, and when she was in the mood did very well, but to-day she was out of sorts, in the clutches of a black demon which made her miserably unable to fix her mind or her hands on what she had to do. She gazed at her neat gingham gown and white apron in a kind of dull rage; she was comparing them with the cool, clean linen, lace-trimmed and dainty, of Belle Brinton's summer toilette. Suddenly she rose, and taking off her apron, rolled it into a ball and flung it across the room, where it fell and lay in a heap. Then she threw down her work in a bunch on the floor, and seizing her sunbonnet from the hook where it hung, started for the door, her face set and frowning. It was a sallow face, with great dark eyes, pleasant at times when Nina was cheerful, but capable of a grim ugliness when she was under the spell of her familiar fiend, ill-temper. Nothing is more disfiguring, by the way, than this.

'Nina, Nina!' called a sharp voice. 'Where be you bound, leaving your work at ten o'clock in the morning? Come straight back this instant, do you hear?'

At the sound of her step-mother's mandate, Nina turned and looked at the shrewish countenance of a small, spare woman of forty-five with a certain challenge. Then she spoke after a pause.

'You can pick up my work, Mrs. Brock, and do it yourself, if you like. I'm not going to touch it this day, so there.' And she went sturdily and stubbornly down the road.

'She's in one of her tantrums, and nobody can do anything with her. She grows worse as she grows older,' mused the step-mother, folding the disdained pile of half-sewn gloves in a towel and carefully laying them away. She sighed, too, a fretful sigh, for life was not very easy in that house, with Nina Brock and her moods, and with Job Brock, Nina's father, always at odds with the world and ready to tax humanity with his ill-luck. He had never succeeded, poor Job, since Nina's brisk, bustling mother had died, leaving him with a baby to care for, and no knack of getting on with his comrades. The second Mrs. Brock was a woman of the nagging variety, finding fault in an intermitting weak way, which neither husband nor daughter heeded. Nina had never called her 'mother' since once, when the child had committed some juvenile misdemeanor, she had been forbidden to do so, with the words, 'I am no mother of yours.' No love was lost between them, though they seldom openly quarrelled, but the fireside was most unhomelike, and often there was in the atmosphere an oppressive feeling of thunder brooding somewhere. It was a very gloomy home.

Mrs. Brock moved about, preparing Job's dinner. She looked half complacently at Nina's work, neglected and forsaken.

'Her dad'll give her one good scolding when she comes back, thank goodness,' she murmured. 'She ought to be ashamed of herself—lazy, loafing girl, leaving me to bear the brunt of everything. She's enough to worry a saint. I wonder what she thinks of herself, flinging her apron down like that. I'll leave it for her father to see. I wish he'd be rightdown harsh with her, the creature!'

Meanwhile Nina took the path to the woods, in the sunshiny day. Through the broad vistas of the forest gleamed long splintering rays of sunshine, dappling the ground where they broke into brightness at the feet of old oaks and chestnuts. The woods were very peaceful. Nina wandered on, following a winding bridle path which skirted the main road, for the forest was cleared of tangled undergrowth, and was like a beautiful park.

At intervals there were rustic seats where people might rest, and in summer, when city visitors were staying in the country round, these were usually occupied by wayfarers, but for a wonder nobody seemed to have sought Brinton Woods this morning. Nina had the sweet, still place all to herself. She was a girl who did not, as did most of her mates, prefer shop windows and streets to Nature. From her childhood she had flown to the forest for comfort when her step-mother had angered her, or when she was storm-tossed by her own passion, poor untaught little one! They had always calmed her, and their silence and the sense of room and freedom had given her strength. Her father, who dimly understood her need, would bid her mother let her go to the shelter of the trees.

Nina sat under a bowery chestnut, slipping from the rude chair to the soft cushiony ground, rich with velvet moss. Her brown hands smoothed the mosses wistfully with tender longing and love. The woods were like a church. Far up in the treetop a bird sang softly. Nina's dark mood melted away. She forgot her grievances and was no longer mean and ignoble and envious. She began to be penitent, and said her morning prayer. Nature, the dear mother, was leading her up to God, who gave nature to be so undisturbed at our caprices, and who has such balms for our hurts.

Nina was tired and she almost drifted into sleep as she sat on the ground, with the squirrels frisking near her, not in the least afraid of one who kept so still and paid them so little attention. From the lulling drowsiness she was suddenly roused by a cry for help—a cry repeated twice and dying off the second time into faintness.

Instantly on the alert and with her wits about her, she ran rapidly in the direction of the sound. She was not two minutes in reaching a scene of outrage which stirred her blood to fierce resentment. There, in her phaeton, her hat fallen off, her dress torn and disordered, sat Belle Brinton, nearly swooning with terror. One rough, unkempt tramp held her trembling pony by the bridle, and his fellow, with an evil grin on his sullen, leering face, was stuffing Belle's pocket-book into the breast of his grimy flannel shirt, and clumsily unfastening her jewelled belt.

'Halt, there! What are you about?' rang Nina's voice, sternly. 'Let that lady alone!'

'What have you got to say about it, missus?' asked the second thief, coolly, as he turned and saw no stalwart man advancing to the rescue, but a slip of a girl, stout and strong, it is true, and with blazing eyes of wrath and defiance. Only a girl. Why should a man fear her?

Why, indeed? Except for this, that evil is always cowardly, and detected crime is prone to scuttle away under cover. The first thief, he who was holding the horse, exclaimed:

'Best make off, Jack! There's more behind her, or she wouldn't be so bold!'

'Yes' (Nina's tones were fearless), 'there is more behind me. There's the law, and a striped jacket, and prison for both of you for what you've done, unless you make haste and repent, and go away as fast as ever you can. Here, give me the lady's belt. Give me her ring. You should be ashamed to attack Miss Belle, that everybody loves!'

And Nina seemed to grow an inch taller as she stood bravely facing the robbers, with blazing eyes. The tramps cowered before her. This girl belonged to a type they knew, and perhaps she reminded them of a sister or mother who would be ashamed if they suspected how low these men had fallen. They threw ring and belt at Nina's feet on the grass without another look at Belle, and took to their heels in flight, lurching away the faster, that through the perfect stillness of the woods penetrated at the moment the long, insistent whistle of Brinton's Mill, the noon whistle which summoned the hands back to their afternoon work. In some states of the air this peremptory whistle carried for a very long distance, and it smote the silence, both of Nina and the tramps, with a familiar cadence, not unlike a military order. To Nina it said, reproachfully, 'Laggard, you are away from your duty.' To the tramps it was a note of warning, reiterating the girl's threat of stripes and a prison cell. They heard it and hurried the more swiftly, inwardly gleeful for all their retreat, because of the purse which they had secured, a purse well lined with bills and silver.

But Nina had no time to think of anything, except how to revive and reassure her companion. She remembered that a fainting person must be laid in a reclining position, and she tried to place Belle more easefuly on the carriage cushions. As she did so, Belle's eyes opened, and color came back to her cheeks.

'Oh, Nina, Nina!' she exclaimed, 'how good it is to see you. Oh, Nina, dear!'

'Don't be worried, Miss Belle; the men are gone. I'm right down mad to think that such a thing should happen in our wood. Brinton Wood that's always been so safe and so sweet. I'm so glad I came in time. Now, do you think you can drive home, or shall I go for help?'

'Step right in here with me, Nina, and

we'll go home together. Gipsey's very much frightened, too. I thought they meant to kill me; they've taken my pocket-book, but that's no matter.'

'Oh! why didn't I make them give up that?' cried Nina, in much vexation. 'Here, dear, here's your ring, and your belt; they didn't get them. And lest they begin to think we're only two girls all alone, let's turn Gipsey homeward. I can't drive, but I'll keep my arm around you and you'll feel stronger as soon as we're out of this and nearer the village.'

Gipsey's pace was not slow, and before many minutes the girls had reached the gate of the Brinton homestead. The house stood on the crest of a gentle elevation, a knoll thickly shaded by ancient elms, and a flower-bordered path led by a long, winding approach past the porter's lodge to the Squire's door. As they turned through the gates, Nina made a motion to stop the horse.

'I must go home now,' she said.

'Nina Brock, you are going home with me,' Belle replied, positively. 'Have you forgotten that we used to make mud pies together? And to-day you've saved my life. You are going with me to rest and have luncheon and to see my dear father and mother, who will want to thank you.'

'I am not going, Miss Belle. Indeed, indeed, I can't. I must get back to my gloves, that I ought to be sewing on this moment. I don't know what my father will say to me for idling. He'll be angry enough, and as for my step-mother, she'll scold me the rest of the day. Not that I care!' and the dark look that had been absent crept gloweringly over Nina's face again.

All this time Gipsey's little feet were climbing up the avenue to the terraced levels on which the Brinton home stood, many windowed and gabled. Its verandas were inviting with chairs, and hammocks, and Mrs. Brinton was busy in shade hat and gardening gloves training her roses and vines. She turned and looked at Belle as she drove up, saw her companion and observed Belle's pallor and her disordered dress. Down went her basket in haste and she ran to meet the girls.

'Mother, dearest,' said Belle, 'don't be frightened. Keep Nina Brock. Don't let her run away. I've had an adventure, and Nina came in the very nick of time. She's a heroine, mother. The tramps were afraid of her.'

Through Belle's compassionate and grateful heart darted an idea. What must it be to have such a nature as Nina's, strong and fearless as an eagle's, and to be tied down to sewing in the house of a step-mother! But she said nothing then. Her father was at home, and he helped both girls out, led Nina into the library as a matter of course, and in her hearing dispatched a boy to say where she was, and that she would not be home till dark.

Nina had never been in her life at a table so beautifully appointed as that of Mrs. Brinton. The delicate food, the shining silver, the sparkling cut glass, and the soft-footed servants would at any time have impressed her fancy, but overwrought as she was to-day, they simply rested and refreshed her. She was quite unawed by the respectful butler; she forgot that she was dressed in a cotton frock, without a shred of trimming, and she enjoyed the meal with a zest altogether new in her experience.

Mr. Brinton at once sent out men to scour the woods and fields and telephoned to the nearest railway stations in the hope of discovering and arresting the tramps, but they had too good a start and succeeded in getting safely away with their booty. Belle was forbidden to drive by herself for the present. She was to be escorted by a groom hereafter.

'And I think you might often,' said her father, 'pick up Nina here and take her along for company. Don't say that you have not time, Nina,' he added. 'You will work the better for a little play.'

Nina never forgot the afternoon of that May day. Belle had a large chamber at the top of the house. It was an ideal nest for the idolized daughter of a home, with rugs on a polished floor, a great easy chair or two, a lounge, pictures, books, and a desk filled with paper, envelopes, and every luxurious appliance for correspondence. Before long she found herself chatting with Belle in real confidential girl fashion, not as if they were in different situations in the world, but as two girls together. Nina confessed that the hardness and barrenness of her life had made her bitter, and that she had felt a great deal of jealousy that very day, when she had seen Belle in her carriage, and had herself thought of the drudgery that stretched before her, day in and day out, unrelieved by any break.

'It seemed as if I were in a rut—worse, in a dungeon,' she said, 'and my home is so gloomy. There's never any pleasure there.'

Belle sat very thoughtfully looking up at a picture on the wall. It represented to her an ideal of repose. There was a brown moor, with purple lights where the sunshine tinted the heather. One golden ray fell across a corner of the field, where the path skirted a mountain side. In a windy nook there was the suggestion of a fold, and huddled together were a flock of sheep. Off in the dim distance was the shadowy figure of the shepherd.

'I like that picture, Nina,' she said. 'It makes me think of peace. The peace that is not afraid of storms or a cold blast. Nina, I'm going to ask a favor of you, dear. I want you to let me send you this picture to hang where you can see it every day. You will be tranquillized as you are in the woods. That one ray of bright sunshine, just commonplace sunshine, will be the greatest comfort. And, if you can't love your step-mother—I don't believe I could—maybe the patient shepherd there in the background will show you how to bear with her better. Perhaps he can make you pitiful.'

'Thank you, Miss Belle,' said Nina.

'Belle will do, as it did when we were children, Nina. Don't say Miss Belle any more. And let me tell you that the envy need not be on your side only. I'd give anything in this world to be as brave and strong as you were this morning, and all the girls I know at college admire girls who have acquired some useful art and who know it so well that they can earn money by it. I regard it as splendid to do anything thoroughly—so thoroughly that people will pay you for the doing. As a glove-maker's daughter, I honor a woman who finishes gloves so that they keep up the reputation of the house. There, Nina, that is how I feel.'

The picture went home the next day and made a glory in Nina's living-room. And somehow a change was wrought in Nina. She did not at once cease to be difficult to herself at times, nor was she very soon angelic in her demeanor to her people at home. The great sculptor who moulds us into beauty and nobility never hurries his work. But bit by bit, little by little, Nina grew different, and now should you visit Hiveton, you might meet a lovely young woman, with a fine, strong face and dark, thoughtful eyes, who would not seem to you the less attractive and fascinating that she spends her days in stitching, stitching, stitching the fingers of gloves that go out to be worn by ladies who never touch a needle. She does not complain nor bewail her lot, nor is she now jealous of Belle Brinton, or of Belle's friends. Her step-mother has become more amiable; her father puffs his black pipe at evening with fewer flings at mankind in general, and Nina, without owning it, has brightened their lives by her cheer and fortitude, just by giving them a ray of commonplace daily sunshine. The Good Shepherd is winning his way into all their hearts.

Some Strange Eggs.

(By Sarah Endicott Ober, in 'Congregationalist.')

Little Clay Reess lived in Florida, and he had fine times on the beach near his home. One day he was digging in the sand, when up came a queer little object. It was long and narrow, and had a tough shell that bent and dented in Clay's fingers. He could not make out what it was. So he ran to Cinda, his black nurse, and showed it to her. Cinda laughed, and said it was an alligator's egg.

So Clay dug away lustily, and sure enough, up came more eggs with every shovelful of sand. Five times he filled his little bucket and carried them home to his mother, until twenty-five eggs lay in the box she gave him to put them in. That night, when Clay was in his white 'nightie' and having his 'loving time' with his mother, he asked, 'How came the eggs in the sand?'

'The mother 'gator hid them there,' answered his mother, as she rocked and cuddled her little boy.

'Don't the mother 'gator cuddle her eggs like the mother hen does?' asked Clay.

'No, dear, she leaves them in the sand for the hot sun to hatch out.'

'Well, I fink the mother 'gator is a very selfish thing!' cried Clay, sitting up in his indignation.

'Oh, no,' said his mother, smiling. 'That is her way of taking care of them—the way God taught her. She can't cuddle her eggs like the mother hen. She has no soft feathers, and her hard skin would break the eggs if she sat on them. The nice warm sand cuddles them, and the sun helps to hatch them out.'

'Oh,' said Clay, nestling down again. 'Poor mother 'gator! I so sorry for her. How bad she must feel not to cuddle her eggs!'

'She takes good care of them,' said his mother. 'She often comes to look after her babies, and when they hatch out, she finds food for them, and will not let anything hurt them.'

'What would hurt them?' asked Clay, drowsily.

'There are many animals who hunt for the eggs, and I have heard that the father 'gator likes them, too, and eats them all up if he can find them.'

'What an awful bad father!' cried Clay,

his sleepy eyes coming wide open again. 'Poor baby 'gators! I so sorry for them.'

'But their mother takes care of them, and will not let the father find them, if she can help it,' said Mother Reess, hugging her own little boy.

'Will she go to look at her eggs to-morrow day?' asked Clay.

'I think she will,' said his mother.

'Then I'll take them all back,' murmured the sleepy little fellow.

'Poor mother 'gator—feel—bad'—but Clay was off into dreamland, where mother alligator and her eggs were all forgotten.

The box of eggs was put in a closet, and neither Clay nor his mother thought of them again. A week later, Clay went to the closet for some toys, and heard a strange, rustling noise. He looked up, and saw a box on a shelf with the cover dancing up and down in a frantic manner.

'Oh, mother!' cried Clay, dancing up and down himself in excitement, 'come here—quick! Here is a box—all alive!'

His mother came running in, and there were a dozen tiny black snouts peeping out under the box cover. Before she could even scream, out popped a swarm of baby alligators and dropped down to the floor, where they scampered off in every direction. All the eggs had hatched, for the closet was behind a stove and the box in a warm place.

Such a time as there was! Clay jumped up and down, screaming with glee, but his mother was screaming with fright, and she climbed on top of a table to get out of the way of the alligators, who went running about, as if in a hurry to investigate this new, strange world in which they found themselves. Black Cinda came running in to see what was the matter, and she got up on a chair and screamed, too. If Clay's father had not come in, they might have been perched there, screaming, yet.

Then for a hunt! The baby alligators hid under the furniture and burrowed under the carpets, popping out of every hole and corner. It was nearly a week before the last one was caught. Father Reess shook three out of his boot one morning, and Mother Reess nearly had a fit when she pulled on her stocking and found one in the toe. As for Cinda, she spent the most of her time perched on chairs or tables and screaming, thinking everything she saw was an alligator.

But Clay was not afraid of them. He thought they were the cunningest of playfellows, and begged hard to keep them all. But when his mother told him that the mother 'gator would want her babies, he consented to have them taken to the beach. His father let him keep six, and made a pen for them in the back yard, with a small tank of water in it. Here Clay played with them, and they became very tame and seemed to know their little master. He was often seen with the whole lot swarming all over him, but his mother could not bear to touch the creatures, though Clay assured her that their way of running up his arm and poking their black snouts into his face was their way of loving him. He kept his pets for a year, then sharp, white teeth began to come in their big mouths, and his father thought they might become dangerous playfellows, so one night they all disappeared and Clay never saw them again. If he had been on the beach next day, he might have seen six young alligators scampering about as if they did not know what to make of their strange surroundings. I wonder if their mother knew them.

What Lysbet Found

(Hope Daring, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

'How now, miss! Supper time and past and you dreaming by the window. It's always that way when I am gone. It's plain, Lysbet, that you can never be trusted.'

Lysbet Van Pelt sprang up. 'Supper is ready and waiting, aunt.'

A scowl lingered on Madam Van Pelt's face. 'Let it be brought in. Could you not have found something with which to busy your hands while you waited?'

Lysbet made no reply. She was a girl of fifteen, short, plump, and fair, with blue eyes and sunny hair. She was dressed in a black bodice, a crimson quilted petticoat, clocked stockings, and low-cut buckled shoes.

That was the usual dress of young Dutch girls of that period. For this was the year 1720, and the Van Pelt mansion stood on the bank of the Hudson, but a little way out from what was then the staid town of New York.

Lysbet called the maid to bring in the hearty supper of venison steak, broiled shad, hot johnny cake, 'oly koeks,' fritters, coffee, and various kinds of preserved fruits. There was only Madam Van Pelt and her niece. Before sitting down the lady covered her handsome brown brocade visiting dress with a huge white linen apron.

It was a quaint room where the meal was served. There was a large tiled fireplace, but on that June evening it was occupied by an immense East India porcelain jar filled with feathery asparagus. An oak sideboard, black with age and heaped with massive family silver and the china brought by seafaring Van Pelts of long ago from the East, occupied one side of the room.

The husband of madam and the father of Lysbet had been brothers. From their father they had inherited an extensive shipping business. The younger brother, Lysbet's father, had died suddenly, and his wife had lived only a few weeks after his death.

Lysbet—four years old then—was taken to her uncle's home. A year later madam's husband died. It was rumored that the younger of the brothers had lost his entire fortune by speculation, and that the little orphan was dependent upon the bounty of her aunt.

At first this mattered little to the child. The loss of mother love meant far more to her. She grew up in the home of her ancestors, sharing the advantages of her cousins. As she grew old enough to understand her aunt's sharp tongue made her aware of the fact that she was a pauper. Now the cousins were married, and madam and Lysbet were alone in the old home.

After the meal was over Madam Van Pelt took her knitting.

'Go up to my room, Lysbet, and bring me my glasses before you commence your spinning.'

Lysbet obeyed, taking a candle from the mantle to light her way. Madam Van Pelt's room was on the second floor. Lysbet entered it, and, as she reached over the table for the glasses, her arm hit a carved sandalwood box, and it fell to the floor.

The girl bent over the box, an exclamation of sorrow coming from her lips when she saw that the slender little brass hinges were broken. She picked it up, and a quantity of papers dropped to the floor. A name carved on the inside of the lid caught her eye. Holding it to the light, she read, 'Gretchen Van Vechten.'

'Why, that was my mother's name,' she thought. 'How strange my aunt never told me this box was hers!'

Ever since she could remember the box had occupied a place on the table at the head of her aunt's bed and had always been locked. Upon picking up the papers, she found there were several official-looking documents and also a few letters. On the outside of one of the letters was written, 'To my little daughter Lysbet.'

The girl's breath came hard and fast. What did it mean?

With trembling fingers she spread open the sheet. 'Mijn witte mamme' (my white lamb), the letter began. Lysbet had read only these words when her aunt's voice floated up to her.

'Stupid! Have you gone to sleep? They are on the table.'

One second Lysbet stood motionless. Then, with quick, decisive movements, she returned the sandalwood box to the table, carefully fitting on the cover. As this came down over the sides of the box, it would remain in place as long as it was not disturbed. Gathering up the papers, she crossed the hall to her own room, lifted the pillow from the bed, and placed under it the precious packet.

'Whatever kept you so long?' madam asked when Lysbet joined her.

'I went to my own room and got a clean handkerchief,' the girl replied, unfolding that article as she spoke. She sat down at her little spinning-wheel and began to draw out the long gossamer-like threads of flax.

Outside the uncurtained window near her she could see the grassy meadow that separated the Van Pelt mansion from the next house. A new moon hung low in the west, shedding a dim light upon the scene. The soft air stole in and touched her cheek.

'My white lamb, my white lamb,' over and over the words sounded in her ears. It was here at last—that message from the dead. Why had it been hidden from her for twelve years?

It was not until the clock in the hall struck ten that Madam Van Pelt rolled up the coarse blue stocking upon which she was at work.

'You might as well go to bed, Lysbet,' she said sharply. 'You are looking out of the window instead of spinning. Ah, it is well for you there is such a thing as charity.'

The girl's cheek flushed crimson, but she took her candle without a word. She was half way up stairs when her aunt called out:

'No loitering about your room. Go straight to bed, or I will never get you up in the morning.'

Lysbet walked on, tears welling up in her eyes. Suddenly she threw back her head, and the spirit of her brave ancestors looked from her eyes.

'I can wait. I believe the papers are mine, and I will not give them up. It is hard to wait longer for my mother's message, but I will be brave.'

For hours she lay awake. Again and again her hand crept under the pillow and touched the precious packet. Ah, that letter! Her mother's own words to her!

At last she fell asleep but wakened as the sun was rising. Sitting up in bed, Lysbet eagerly read her mother's message.

It was written when the mother knew death was near. Lysbet's tears fell over the gentle counsel, the passionate words of love. But what did her mother mean by urging her to be generous and helpful with the wealth that would be hers?

Lysbet glanced over the other papers. There was much she did not understand, but she comprehended enough to quicken the beating of her heart. Just then her aunt called her.

'Yes, I am coming.'

She dressed hastily, and managed to hide the papers under her clothing. She must have time to think.

Lysbet's first task was to skim the milk. She let herself out of a side door and crossed the garden, which separated the house from the river. The stone milk-house stood among a group of out-buildings at one side.

She paused and looked up at the house. It was built of yellow bricks, the roof was gabled and adorned with weather-cocks. The garden was carefully kept, the walks being bordered with box and all well shaded by fantastically-trimmed yew trees, as well as by trees of holly and juniper. There was a thicket of rose bushes, now all in bloom, and the beds were gay with verbenas, pinks, sweet-williams and laburnums.

Tears dimmed her eyes. It had been her father's home. Was it hers? What did the papers mean?

She entered the milk-house. It was partly hollowed out below the surface of the earth, and the walls were of rough stone. A spring bubbled up in one corner, and from it a silvery thread of water led to a rocky basin wherein were jars of cream and butter. On the walls were shelves which held flat pewter milk dishes.

Lysbet went deftly about her task. As she worked, a plan grew up in her mind. First, she must find a safe hiding place for the papers.

'Should aunt miss them, she would never think of looking here. They will be safe,' she thought, placing an empty jar between two which were filled with butter. In the empty one she placed the papers and carefully covered it. Then, taking a long-handled pitcher filled with cream in one hand and a plate of butter in the other, she started for the house.

How slowly the hours of that day wore away. It was not until the middle of the afternoon that the visitor for whom Lysbet was waiting appeared.

This was the minister, Elder Semple. The young girl knew her aunt expected him that day, and she had resolved to find some way to speak to him alone. Lysbet was sure the kindly, grave-faced man was her friend. Nay, more; she knew him to be an unflinching supporter of the right.

When he had stayed nearly his usual time, Lysbet rose and boldly left the room. Her aunt, busily engaged in conversation, did not notice her going.

The girl hastened to the milk-house and took the precious packet from its hiding-place. Then she followed a path along the river bank until she was outside the Van Pelt grounds. Soon a turn in the stream carried her beyond observation from her home. Lysbet here sat down and waited for the minister.

In a little time she heard the measured dip of his oars, for he had rowed up the Hudson. Rising, the girl attracted his attention by calling his name. Then she motioned for him to come nearer.

'What is it, child?' Elder Semple asked, when a few powerful strokes had brought the boat near the spot where Lysbet was standing. 'You could not be found when I went to say good-by, and your aunt was displeased.'

'Please come on shore, Elder Semple,' Lysbet cried. 'I must tell you something, something I dared not say before my aunt.'

He complied with her request, and she poured out the whole story.

'If you say I did wrong,' she said in conclusion, 'I will take the papers to my aunt and tell her all. The letter I must keep. It is mine; my mother's own words to me. Oh, I have wanted my mother all these years.'

Tears were glistening on the young girl's lashes. The minister had glanced over the papers. He put out one hand and took that of Lysbet.

'Child, I remember your mother. She was a sweet and gentle woman. Try to be like her, try to keep bitter thoughts from growing up in your heart, even towards those who have wronged you. You did right to take the papers; they are yours, and God put them in your hands. I am going to ask you to let me take them. To-morrow I will bring them to you. Good-bye, Lysbet, and remember how Christ, our blessed master, forgave the ones who wronged him.'

Lysbet went slowly back to the house. She listened to her aunt's scolding in silence.

The next day dragged slowly by. At the same hour on which Elder Semple had called the day before, Lysbet again saw him coming up the path. He was not alone. Two men whom she recognized as lawyers were with him.

Her heart stood still. 'Aunt,' she began, but words failed her.

Madam Van Pelt glanced from her niece's startled face to the men outside. She understood that something was wrong. Before she could question Lysbet, the girl had slipped out of the room.

For an hour she wandered about the garden. Then Elder Semple called her, and she entered the room where Madam Van Pelt and her callers sat. One glance at the drawn and pallid face of her aunt, and Lysbet was at her side.

'Aunt, what is it? I am sorry, oh, I am sorry!'

'Hush, child! Listen to what the elder is telling you.'

In as few words as possible, the minister explained all. It was the husband of Madam Van Pelt who had lost heavily by speculating. When his dead brother's child and her fortune came into his hands, he used the money as his own. The deception was continued by his wife after his death, madam allowing the rumor that Lysbet was penniless to go undenied. She had retained the papers, but the knowledge that she had been unjust to the child had made her hard towards her.

'I am glad it is told,' she said, defiantly. 'I will leave Van Pelt mansion and hide my disgrace where I am not known.'

'Leave, aunt! No, no; you are to stay here and help me care for all this wealth. This home is yours as well as mine. There shall be no change, only I will have money for masters and books, and the poor—we will help the poor.'

Madam's face worked convulsively. 'I do not deserve this from you, Lysbet. Why do you do it?'

'Why? Because in my dear mother's letter, she bade me follow the Christ, and I remember how he forgave.'

So Lysbet came into her own. She became a noble woman, and her descendants still live in New York.

Life is What We Make It.

'I wish I could have kept up my studying, but I have had so many household cares that it has been almost impossible for me to get an opportunity even to read,' said a woman in middle life.

Her hearer sympathized with her, yet later she recalled this woman's luxurious home, in which the lace curtains must always be done up on such a date, the brasses polished at such a time and the silver cleaned on another stated day. Nor had it always been possible for this housekeeper to find servants to fill her fastidious requirements. The listener repeated the regretful words of this woman to a friend, and supplemented them by saying:

'She does not realize that her life is largely what she has made it. She preferred to have an elegant home, with every thing not merely comfortably clean, but uncomfortably neat, rather than to take time for reading. Now I, myself, often lament that I have not time for piano practice, and wish I were a better player but really it is my choice, for the few spare minutes I might devote to music I spend on my books.'

A party of young girls were embroidering, when one of them brought in a guest.

'I don't embroider, so I shall have to read to you or talk,' said the newcomer.

'Don't embroider!' cried one of the girls. 'Why, what in the world do you do with yourself?'

The girl had found so many other things to do in the world that she was at a loss for a moment. 'Why, I don't have time to embroider. I—I read.'

'Read! Dear me! I never read more than two books a year. I don't have time to read.'

For people of comparative leisure to assert that they can not do what they would like because they have no time seems absurd; the more so when we read, in Sir Walter Besant's 'East London,' that even the poor people of that section who must work hard for a bare livelihood have at command for their own use, in holidays and evenings, one-quarter of the whole year. To some all time is given, to all some time is given, to choose what shall be done in it.—'Youth's Companion.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Let it be remembered that what is usually styled temperate drinking stands as the condition precedent to that which is intemperate. Discontinue one, and the other becomes impossible.—Bishop Potter.

The L. I. S. at 518.

(By Margaret Montgomery, in S. S. 'Times.')

It was too bad! The neighbors had thought this and several other unpleasant things, and also said them, more or less privately, a great many times. In addition to the eyes of the neighbors, Father and Mother Howard had eyes of their own. So you need not think they did not know how the yard looked.

By turns, there were hats and coats scattered over that yard, also books, tin cans, dolls, shovels, pin-wheels, scraps of paper, bones, dishes, rags—in fact, everything that ought not to have been there. There was very little of the grass that ought to be there.

The yard was unfortunately placed, in the middle of a square where the lawns were beautifully kept, where every blade of grass knew its place, and where nothing got out of order. But then there was not a single child on the block but at 518, where the Howards lived, and there there was a house full of them, and they had to be busy. They all knew that, while the neighbors had lawns, they had nothing but just a plain yard. Father Howard said it was a back-yard, and only needed a goat to look like Tim Flaherty's. But then Father Howard had been tried the day he made that speech, because, when he brought an old friend to dinner with him, he had found three pictures drawn on the flag sidewalk with colored crayons, while a row of stones and four tin cans were arrayed on the front porch.

Mother Howard found that she was in the habit of going to the front door after any caller left the house, to look anxiously at the porch and yard. She found, too, that she was seldom happy after one of these observations. Really, something had to be done.

One day John, Joe, Stella, Clara, and even little Tom, received dainty notes, inviting them to meet Mother Howard 'on the back porch at four o'clock, and, if the way be clear, to form an L. I. S.'

The five were at the appointed place when Mrs. Howard came out. Joe shut up his pocket-knife with a guilty air, and kept his back carefully placed over a freshly whittled spot on one of the posts. Clara had a pencil. In the most matter-of-fact way she went on stating, upon the side of the house, that '4 times 3 equals 12, 4 times 4 equals 16.' Since the tables had been troubling Clara's brains, few people got further than the front door without seeing evidences of her struggle on the fence, the sidewalk, or the porch, in queer-looking figures in pencil or chalk.'

Mrs. Howard had just started to say, 'By an L. I. S. I mean,'—when she was interrupted by a great cackling as one of John's chickens noisily dashed around the house.

'Yes, you're part of it!' cried Mrs. Howard. 'Children, I'm ashamed of having such a yard. Let's have an L. I. S., and make it a lawn.'

Clara had just written that '4 times 8 equals'— but she never finished the statement as she heard the plan for the L. I. S.

It was to be a real society, with meetings on Saturday afternoon. The weekly dues were the queerest things. They were not to be paid in money, but in work. You see the L. I. S. meant Lawn Improvement Society, and the weekly dues were that each member was required to report some improvement made upon the lawn during the week.

'Like working out your road tax, as they do out at Uncle Joe's,' Joe had declared.

'Exactly, and if Uncle Joe doesn't work, he has to pay,' replied Mrs. Howard. 'It is the same with our Joe in our L. I. S. If he doesn't report a single good deed done for the lawn or porch during the week, he'll be fined five cents. The fines will go toward something to beautify the yard, which the society will vote upon when enough lazy members make it worth while.'

It was voted that a fine of one cent was to be laid on each member carrying stones, books, or any such thing, to the front of the house, or making chalk pictures on the sidewalk.

When Father Howard came out, he said he thought it should be one of the laws of the society not to throw stones at the windows, or tear off the weather-boarding. But Mother Howard said that was too bad, and she would not let such a law be written even in fun. They all knew it was an accident when John had broken a window the day before, and that such a thing could never happen again.

John was elected president, Stella secretary, and Mrs. Howard treasurer. After the treasurer's treat to cookies, the L. I. S. adjourned.

Father Howard had been elected an honorary member, and told that this form of membership released him from weekly dues, but gave him the right to pay double the ordinary fines if he left tin cans or any of his belongings, such as hats or shoes, lying around the porch or lawn. The honorary membership also entitled him to help in disposing of the cookies.

Father Howard made the society a funny little speech, in which he thanked them for the honor done to him, praised the formation of the society, and of the cookies, and offered to give to the Society a rubbish barrel marked L. I. S.

When the weekly meeting came, and the weekly report was called for, what a collection of deeds the dues made!

'John Howard,' read secretary Stella.

'Couldn't have a lawn with chickens running loose,' said John, a little shamefacedly, 'so I've been all the week making a lot for my chickens. I don't expect they'll do one mite of good penned up,' he added slowly.

'I'll pay five cents a dozen extra for penned-up eggs,' came from Mrs. Howard.

'Joseph Howard,' was the next name on the secretary's roll.

'Mowed the grass. I wish the honorary member would have the mower sharpened,' Joe added as his father stepped out on the porch.

'Done! Anything to encourage such a society,' the honorary member quickly replied.

'Clara Howard.'

'I scrubbed the side of the house where I wrote my tables before I joined the L. I. S.,' reported Clara. 'Then I put a tin can, that Nora left on the kitchen porch, in the rubbish barrel.'

'Thomas Howard.'

'Shutted the gate two times, and pulled up three plantains,' piped little Tom.

'I've pulled about a ton of weeds out of the drive,' reported Stella, 'and there are enough left to keep us at work all summer.'

For fines the first week there were eleven cents. Joe was the heaviest fine-payer, having paid a penny each for two books, one coat, one base-ball bat, and one dead frog, left on the porch and grass Monday afternoon. Clara had paid for one tin can of sand and one spoon gathered off the front pavement. Stella's hair-ribbon and John's hammer had each cost their owner one cent.

It was wonderful how that L. I. S. transformed the Howard yard. When the society was a month old, the children voted to pass a by-law that there should be no running on the grass, except in the playground in the back yard. They also voted to move the hammock from the side yard back, and plant grass seed on the site of the hammock.

The triumph of the L. I. S. was not long deferred. They were gathered for one of their fall meetings when Stella came rushing in.

'What do you suppose I heard?' she cried. 'Some one going past said, "Pretty lawn, that," and pointed to ours! We've a lawn at last!'

This all happened three years ago. Now there is not as handsome a lawn in the square as 518. The neighbors, who used to say other things, now say, 'You could not expect any of our lawns to look as well as the Howard's, for they have five children; so, of course, they keep everything in order, even every leaf picked up, —of course, of course!'

But it wasn't 'of course' at all.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 11, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Trouble for the British Government—'The Nation,' New York.
Two Notable Suggestions for Amending the Education Bill—The 'Daily News,' London.
The Country and the Education Bill—'The Spectator,' London.
Louis Kossuth—'The Daily News,' London.
Municipal Socialism—III.—'The Times,' London.
Carnegie to Assist in Housing London Poor—Correspondence of the Springfield 'Republican.'
A Month as a Navvy—An Actual Experience—By E. Darlington, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
A Bad Outlook for Australia—The 'Review of Reviews' for Australasia.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

'The Dream of Gerontius, at the Worcester Festival—By J. A. Fuller Maitland, in 'The Pilot,' London; the London 'Morning Post,' 'Daily News,' 'Daily Telegraph' and 'Standard.'
Two Modern French Composers—II—Cesar Franck.—By Daniel Gregory Mason, in the 'Outlook.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

At the Summer's Wane—By Clinton Scollard, in 'Munsey's Magazine.'
Proverbs in Song—By Una Taylor, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Obviam—By T. E. Brown.
After Lermontov—By Helen Chisholm, in 'The Pilot,' London.
The Ballad of the Boat—By Dr. Richard Garnett.
The Real Ruskin—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
On Being Shut In—By Bliss Carman, in the 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Professor James on Religious Experience—'The Pilot,' London.
The Land of the Evening Calm—By Geo. Lynch, in the Westminster 'Budget.'
A Literary Reminiscence—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Cell Theory of Disease—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Characteristic Stories of Virchow—By F. S. Billings, in the 'Medical Record.'
The Unexplored World.—The 'Times,' London.
Comet B. 1902—The 'Morning Leader,' London.
Vaccination Previous to Jenner—The 'Pall Mall Gazette.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

Zyl's Treasure.

('Young Soldier.')

But a short time ago Zyl could not have counted her treasures, she had so many of them. Now only Sarkis, the little kid, remained.

Zyl was the child of well-to-do and God-fearing parents. Her little life had been a very happy one, playing with the animals around

ZYL'S TREASURE.

that peaceful home, or learning her lessons and hymns at her mother's knee.

But one day trouble came—and all the blue sky of Zyl's child-life seemed to be hung with great grey clouds of sorrow.

Zyl was playing in the pleasant court-yard when she heard a loud tramping of feet, and her father rushed in and slammed the gate bolt with a slam, and catching up his little girl, ran with her into the house, crying, 'The Turks are coming!'

Zyl's mother turned white with fear. Too well she knew all that the coming of their cruel persecutors had meant to many a happy and Christian home.

No bars could keep out the swords of the men. They burst in and demanded that Zyl's parents should give up their religion or die a cruel and horrible death.

It was a moment of sore temptation, but Zyl's parents were noble followers of Christ and stood the strain. They said they could not deny their God, and so paid the consequence of their faith.

Before night-fall poor Zyl was an orphan—father and mother were both lying dead, slain by the Turks, and their once pretty home robbed and spoilt. Zyl herself would not have escaped had she not been hidden by her father before the door burst open and he was taken prisoner.

Now, poor little girl, she is so lonely and so sad. She found Sarkis, the pet kid, had also been overlooked by the Turks, and when some pitying hand led her away from that scene of horror, she took Sarkis, too. Zyl is very fond of her dumb friend, and carries him about and pets him. He is the one treasure left to her out of all she once possessed.

And yet I cannot help thinking that Zyl has one treasure more, and that a far more precious one—in the memory of a brave father and mother, who chose rather to die than deny their God.

And when you think and pray for the thousands of little Armenians, who, like Zyl, have lost their parents, make up your mind to love and serve without one reserve the God whom so many have died as well as lived for.

Playing Circus.

(Anna D. Walker, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The Turner children were so mischievous that they kept their father and mother always in perplexity as to what to do with them next. The father was continually inventing modes of punishment, the mother continually pleading for leniency, and trying to find new amusements for the numerous flock in order to divert them from hurtful mischief.

Barnum's great museum came to town, and the father wanting a pretext to go to see the far-famed affair took the four eldest of his children and went. With staring eyes and open mouths the children beheld the wonders of the show.

In the circus connected with the menagerie they saw horses leap over what seemed to be great sheets of muslin. This was a feat that particularly fascinated Jack, thirteen years old, and fond of horses and driving.

Lena, aged eleven, was Jack's companion in all sorts of queer doings, and the day following that of the visit to the circus, found the two trying to invent a way to do something in imitation of the horse leaping performance.

They first procured an old canvas bag, made to carry potatoes to the market in, and thought that would do for the great sheet. Now, the children had no horse to play with, but there was a great, fat hog in the pen, and Jack maintained that that was as good as a horse, and they could do the trick all right. The fat old porker was let out and driven to a sheltered place behind the barn. By dint of a great deal of shoving and thrashing the creature was made to go over the bag in a sort of a jump. This pleased Jack so much that he wished to make the exploit greater.

'This old bag,' he cried, 'is too little; can't you get something else?'

Lena shook her head doubtfully, but went into the house to look. Here she came across a large bundle of calico which Mr. Turner had bought to make comfortables for winter use. 'That might do,' and the child lugged out the huge bundle of goods, taking pains to avoid her mother's observant eye. When Jack saw the bright print and the size of the piece he was exultant. 'Oh, Lena,' he cried, 'that's splendid; now we'll make old Grunter jump finely. But we must fasten one end somehow, and you hold the other while I attend to the main parts.'

A boy living in the neighborhood came along and was called in to take a hand at the important business. The calico was secured by shutting one end in the barn door. Lena held the other end till it was discovered that she was not strong enough for her part, and then the neighbor-boy helped her with his stronger hands. Over and over again the dirty, ponderous creature was driven to leap across the barrier, and shouts of laughter greeted each performance. After playing at circus till their zest had somewhat abated the children suddenly discovered that the calico was in a dreadfully spoiled condition. Every time the hog had failed to jump clean over it, it had been dropped in the mud, and then before the creature had come from the pen it had been wallowing, and the pretty print was covered with mire and slime. Then the weight of the hog had borne down upon the fabric and in places it was literally worn out. What were the children to do? Lena had heard her mother remark that she must get those comfortables tied, and would commence to-morrow. 'Distress and trouble!' cried Jack, as he and his sister wended their way to the house. Matters came at once to a focus, for Mrs. Turner told Lena 'to go at once up-stairs and bring down the great roll of calico papa bought for comfortables.'

Lena looked at Jack, Jack at Lena, and then the latter burst into tears.

'What is the matter? Why, don't you mind me?' cried the mother.

'The calico is all spoiled,' sobbed Lena.

At this Jack went out, and in a basket brought in the soiled, rumpled, ragged heap.

The mother looked in wonder, and demanded an explanation.

'We played circus,' stammered Jack, 'and — and — we — didn't — know the — hog would — spoil — the — stuff.'

By questioning the culprits Mrs. Turner learned the whole truth, and would have forgiven all, but the stern father judged severe punishment needful, and the two were put into solitary confinement, where for three days they were fed on bread and water. This story is a true story about some real children.

A Martyr at Fourteen.

'A missionary, describing some of the native converts who were martyred during the Boxer outbreak in China, says; 'Li Rutang's only child, a bright girl of fourteen years of age, fled after her father's death, taking with her a New Testament. Some relatives wished to save her, but said she must burn her book. She refused. She ran with the book under her arm into the millet. She was not known by any of the Boxers. She was discovered in the millet. Her book was testimony, and the only testimony, against her. She was brought to the place of execution and asked if she was a believer. She replied, she was. The child fearlessly stood before the tormenters, who asked her if she were not afraid, "Afraid or not afraid, it is all one," she replied. But with a smile she met the sword which cut her down.'

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger' $1.50

Wasted Time,

(A. J. Glasspool, in 'Temperance Record.')

Money has a wondrous power
To purchase what we need:
Fine clothes to wear, nice food to eat,
And useful books to read.
There's one thing money cannot buy,
In any town or clime,
A beggar or a millionnaire
Can never purchase time.

'Tis time the good Lord gives to all
Time to play and labour;
Time to cultivate the mind,
Time to help our neighbour.
Oh, shall we not then treasure up
The hours so quickly flying,
So toiling hard in health and youth,
Have no regrets when dying?

The boy at school declares it hard
That tasks he has so many;
And envies oft the savage child,
Who lessons has not any.
But when the days for school are passed,
And he's below the line;
He begs to do the meanest work,
And weeps for wasted time.

The student at the music school
Aspires to sing and play;
But will not carry out the rule
To practise every day.
Upon the platform bold he steps,
He thinks his notes sublime,
He ne'er returns; the people laugh
And all through wasted time.

'I want to be an artist, sir,'
So said a noble lad.
'Then you must toil from morn to night,
Nor think your labor sad.'
He worked awhile, but played the more,
You think it not a crime.
But now he draws on paving stones.
Alas! for wasted time.

How soon the days of youth are passed,
Then we must earn our bread;
When those who shielded us when young,
Are numbered with the dead.
Try hard to do the best you can
Seek oft the aid Divine,
So in the future you may ne'er
Shed tears o'er wasted time.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 2.

Cities of Refuge.

Josh. xx., 1-9. Commit vs. 1-4. Read Ps. 46.

Golden Text.

'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Ps. 46:1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 27.—Josh. xx., 1-9.
Tuesday, Oct. 28.—Num. xxxv., 1-15.
Wednesday, Oct. 29.—Deut. xix., 1-13.
Thursday, Oct. 30.—2 Sam. xxii., 1-20.
Friday, Oct. 31.—Matt. xi., 25-30.
Saturday, Nov. 1.—Heb. vi., 13-20.
Sunday, Nov. 2.—Psa. 91.

Lesson Text.

(1) The Lord also spake unto Joshua, saying, (2) Speak to the children of Israel, saying, Appoint out for you cities of refuge, whereof I spake unto you by the hand of Moses: (3) That the slayer that killeth any person unawares and unwittingly may flee thither: and they shall be your refuge from the avenger of blood. (4) And when he that doth flee unto one of those cities shall stand at the entering of the gate of the city, and shall declare his cause in the ears of the elders of that city; they shall take him into the city unto them, and give him a place, that he may dwell among them. (5) And if the avenger of blood pursue after him, then they shall not deliver the slayer up into his hand; because he smote his neighbor unwittingly, and hated him not beforetime. (6) And he shall dwell in that city, until he stand before the congregation for judgment, and until the death of the high priest that shall be in those days: then shall the slayer return, and come unto his own city, and unto his own house, unto the city from whence he fled. (7) And they appointed Kedesh in Galilee in mount Naphtali, and Shechem in mount Ephraim, and Kirjath-arba, which is Hebron in the mountain of Judah. (8) And on the other side Jordan by Jericho eastward, they assigned Bezer in the wilderness upon the plain out of the tribe of Reuben, and Ramoth in Gilead out of the tribe of Gad, and Golan in Bashan out of the tribe of Manasseh. (9) These were the cities appointed for all the children of Israel, and for the stranger that sojourneth among them, that whosoever killeth any person at unawares might flee thither, and not die by the hand of the avenger of blood, until he stood before the congregation.

Condensed from Matthew Henry.

Many things were by the law of Moses ordered to be done when they came to Canaan, and this among the rest, the appointing of sanctuaries for the protection of those that were guilty of casual murder; which was a privilege to all Israel, since no man could be sure but some time or other it might be his own case; and it was for the interest of the land, that the blood of an innocent person, whose hand only was guilty, but not his heart, should not be shed, no, not by the avenger of blood; of this law God here reminds them. Orders are given for the appointing of these cities, very seasonably at this time when the land was surveyed, and so they were able to divide the coasts of it into three parts, as God had directed them, in order to the more convenient situation of these cities of refuge. Deut. xix., 3.

It is supposed a man might possibly kill a person, it may be, his own child, or dearest friend, unawares and unwittingly, v. 3, not only whom he hated not, but whom he truly loved, beforetime, v. 5, for the way of man is not in himself. What reason have we to thank God who has kept us both from slaying, and from being slain by accident! In this case, it is supposed that the relations of the person slain would demand the life of the slayer, as a satisfaction to that ancient law, that who sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

It is provided, that if upon trial it appeared, that the murder was done purely by accident, and not by design, either upon an old grudge, or sudden passion, then the slayer should be sheltered from the avenger of blood in any one of these cities, v. 46. By this law he was entitled to a dwelling in that city, was taken into the care of the government of it, but was confined to it, as a prisoner at large; only if he survived the High Priest, then, and not till then, he might return to his own city.

We have here the nomination of the cities of refuge in the land of Canaan, which was made by the advice and authority of Joshua and the princes, v. 7, and upon occasion of the mention of this, is repeated the nomination of the other three in the lot of the other two tribes and a half, which was made by Moses, Deut. iv., 43.

These cities (as those also on the other side of Jordan) stood in the three several parts of the country, so conveniently that a man might (they say) in half a day reach some one of them from any corner of the country. Kedesh was in Naphtali, the northern tribe, Hebron in Judah, the most southern, and Shechem in Ephraim, which lay in the middle about equally distant from the other two.

These cities were upon hills to be seen afar off, for a city on a hill cannot be hid; and this would both direct and encourage the poor distressed man that was making that way; and though therefore his way at last was uphill, yet this would comfort him that he would be in his place of safety quickly; and if he could but get into the suburbs of the city, he was well enough off.

Some observe a significancy in the names of these cities with application to Christ our Refuge. Kedesh signifies 'holy,' and our refuge is the holy Jesus. Shechem, 'a shoulder,' and the government is upon his shoulder. Hebron, 'fellowship,' and believers are called into the fellowship of Christ Jesus our Lord. Bezer, 'a fortification,' for he is a strong-hold to all them that trust in him. Ramoth, 'high' or 'exalted,' for him hath God exalted with his own right hand. Golan, 'joy' or exultation,' for in him all the saints are justified, and shall glory.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 2.—Topic—The best gift. 1 Cor. xii., 28-31; xiii., 1-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

KEEPING OUR PLEDGE.

Monday, Oct. 27.—Don't put off. Eccl. v., 4, 5.

Tuesday, Oct. 28.—Be thorough. Deut. xxiii., 21.

Wednesday, Oct. 29.—The pledge is to God. Ps. lxv., 1.

Thursday, Oct. 30.—A daily pledge. Ps. lxi., 8.

Friday, Oct. 31.—God heard your vow. Ps. lxi., 5.

Saturday, Nov. 1.—'Buy the truth.' Prov. xxiii., 23.

Sunday, Nov. 2.—Topic—How can we keep our pledge? Prov. iii., 3, 4

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Alcohol.

(Mr. Robert H. Sherard, in the 'Daily News.')

It is a fact admitted to-day by doctors all over the world that alcohol is never beneficial, and that the best that can be said for it is that in some cases it does no apparent injury.

Chronic alcoholism, with all that that state brings in its train, can be reached by people who have never once in their lives been the 'worse for liquor.'

I can give you a startling example of the mischief which steady alcoholization can produce, an example I have on the authority of M. Hugues Leroux, the famous French publicist, under whose direct observation the case was brought. Some months ago a workman and his wife, accompanied by a small boy of four, waited on Dr. Garnier, the physician who presides over the insanity ward at the Paris Depot, or Central Police Station. The parents were in great distress, and the story they had to tell was that on two occasions the lad, their son, who was with them, had attempted to murder his baby brother. On the last occasion the mother had just arrived in time to prevent him from cutting the baby's throat with a pair of scissors.

Examined by Dr. Garnier, the child declared that it was quite true that he wished to murder his brother, and that it was his firm intention to accomplish his purpose sooner or later.

Taking the parents into an adjoining room, Dr. Garnier said to the father, 'Are you a drinker?'

The man protested indignantly. He had never been drunk in his life. His wife backed up his assertion. Her husband, she said, was the most sober of men.

'Hold out your hand at arm's length,' said the 'mad-doctor.'

The man obeyed. After a few seconds the hand began that devil's dance to which alcohol fiddles the tune.

'As I thought,' said the 'mad-doctor.' 'My poor fellow, you are an alcoholique.'

He questioned the man, who, with tears in his eyes, related that, being a brewer's drayman, it was his duty to deliver casks of beer to his master's customers, carrying the casks up to the various stages. A glass of wine was usually offered him as a pourboire. The total quantity so absorbed by him amounted to a litre or a litre and a half per diem. This had been going on steadily for several years.

'With the result,' said the doctor, 'that you, who have never been drunk, have become so completely alcoholized that you have transmitted to that unfortunate baby in the next room a form of epilepsy which has developed into homicidal mania.'

I Drink to Make Me Work.

('The Domestic Journal.')

'I drink to make me work,' said a young man. To which an old man replied: 'That's right, thee drink and it will make thee work. Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a loving wife, and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happy together. But we used to drink to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and, mark! it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make thee work.'

Correspondence

Ashburn, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I have been looking for a letter from Ashburn, but have not seen one and hope to see this one printed. My Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Andersen, and my school teacher was Mr. McCulloch, but we are going to get a new one. We liked the other one very well, and he was a good teacher, and I hope the next one will be as good. I am eleven years old and will be twelve on Dec. 29; my birthday is just four days after Christmas, so I get all my presents on Christmas. I have two brothers, one sixteen and the other nine years old. I am in the fourth book. MIRIAM R.

Surrey, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in Surrey, which is a very pretty place, indeed, especially in summer. This place is on the Petitcodiac river which empties into the Bay of Fundy. We have two schools here, one has seventy-eight pupils attending and the other 20 pupils. I have hardly any pets. I have a colt named Major, and a dog named Tippie; we have twenty-three hens, one cow and two calves. We have three baseball clubs. I have two younger brothers and one younger sister. I go to school and am in the sixth grade. I was eleven years old on June 20. I wonder if any other little boy has a birthday on the same day as I. This town manufactures gypsum. A great many vessels come here and load at the docks of Hillsborough: among others are two large Norwegian steamers, one the 'Bratsburg' and another the 'Nora.' The docks of Hillsborough are one mile from our place and Moncton is sixteen miles from here. We have had some very large fires here lately.

VAUGHAN B.

Port Saxon, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As to-day is Independent day I thought I would write. I take the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it very much. Grandmother took it nineteen years ago; her youngest daughter, my Aunt Alice, was agent for it. Grandma says it is like an old friend come back again. We find some nice temperance pieces in the 'Messenger' for our white-ribbon army. Grandma and grandpa belong to the division. Grandpa is superintendent of the Sunday-school; he has been a worker in it going on fifty-three years. I go to Sunday-school. I learnt the Apostle's Creed, the ten commandments and the twenty-third psalm. I read the New Testament through two years ago. I was eight years old on May 22. My own mother has been dead four years. I was born on Cape Negro Island, and my mother died there; it is a very pretty place and very healthy; it is a way out to seabord. Papa lives in Sutherland's River, New Glasgow. I have two sisters, the oldest one lives with my father and the youngest with my aunt; their names are Josie and Alice. Josie is agent for this paper, and Alice is with my aunt in Crofton Croft. We had a visit from Mr. S. Muirhead, our new field secretary, and he is a very fine man. We had the first convention here on April 7, and he gave us a beautiful address. Grandpa has two salmon nets, and sometimes I go with him fishing; it is fine fun; he has only caught eight salmon this spring. I live with my grandma, and my cousin Susie lives with her, too. We live close by a lake; it is called Greenwood's Lake; it is two miles long and two miles wide; it is very beautiful; there are large quantities of white lillies and different kinds of fish. I have an uncle ninety-one years old Dec. 4.

MARY E. K.

Laurier, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on the side of the Eighteen Mile River, in a valley. Our house is surrounded by hills and at the back of it is a bush. I live on a side-road. My father has two farms, which are rented, and a chopping-mill, which runs by water. My sister Ida was married on February 26. There were one hundred and four at the wedding. I wonder if anyone has the same birthday as I. It is on August 7. I would be pleased if any readers would write to me. My address is: Ellen Pritchard, Laurier P. O., Ontario.

Plainfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Messenger' since last May, and like it very much. My sister gives it to me because I am fond of reading. I am in the seventh grade and study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic and grammar. We are having vacation now and the trustees are having the school-house repaired. My favorite book is Stanley's 'Adventures in Africa.' I have two sisters and two brothers. I was eleven years old the twenty-fourth of last May.

ALFRED T. L.

Kingsmill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Seeing the other letters in your paper I thought I would write one too. I like your paper very much, especially the correspondence. We have had a great deal of rain this summer, which has done much damage to the hay. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday school. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am in the fourth book. We have Sunday-school every Sunday. After Sunday-school we have Junior Endeavor; it is not very large, but we have good meetings. I have two sisters and one brother; one of my sisters attends the Collegiate Institute and the other is a dressmaker.

EVA A.

Shetland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter to the 'Northern Messenger' I have written. My sister and I have two turkeys; we keep one cow. My second brother had this spring, an old flying squirrel and three young ones; he had them in a box, and the old one got out one morning, but she came back at night and got her young ones. We have two kittens; their names are Tom and Tabby. I have five sisters and three brothers. We live close to the River Sydenham.

ELIZA H. (Age 11).

Grafton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' We get it in our Sunday-school and like it very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Arthur Wood. I have one sister named Florence and two brothers, Stanley and Franklyn. I am the oldest. We live on a farm; we have seven head of cattle and one horse named Frank. I walk a mile and a half to school. I am in grade seven; my studies are number five reader, health-reader, spelling arithmetic, history, geography, grammar and composition. For pets I have a dog named Fanny, a cat and kitten named Flossie.

SADIE ETHEL. (Age 12.)

Steuben, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Steuben I thought I would write one. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and think it a nice paper. I am ten years old and go to school every day; I am in the sixth reader. I have one brother and no sisters. My birthday is on March 24. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. Our teacher's name is Mrs. Jas. Clark; our superintendent's name is Mr. H. D. Maydale; our pastor's name is the Rev. U. A. Brown. For pets I have a cat and a kitten. The cat's name is Dewey and the kitten's name is Topsy. My father is a cheesemaker. I have two grandfathers and two grandmothers living. I am the oldest of the family.

FRANK W.

Olds, Alta., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—We have one hundred and sixty acres of land, and two horses and eighteen head of cattle. I can ride either one of the horses. I have four sisters and three brothers. I go to school, and passed into the fourth book just before the summer holidays. Our holidays started on July 1 and they lasted until August 11. My teacher's name is Miss Kennedy, and I think she is a very nice teacher. I have about two miles to go to school. Between thirty and forty scholars go to it. I have lived in the North-West for over three years and like it very much. There are very many different kinds of flowers growing here, which make the prairie look very pretty in summer.

CHARLES L. A.

Port Hawkesbury, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little Scotch girl, ten years old, and I live in a small, but very pretty town. Hawkesbury is situated on the Strait of Canso, which is about fifteen miles long and one mile wide. In summer-time many vessels come in the harbor, also steamboats, which carry passengers. A new railway passes in front of the town. It was completed last fall. There are four churches here; I go to the Baptist. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and we all like it very much. We had our annual Sunday-school picnic. We went to Cape Porcupine and had a lovely time. ANNIE JEAN.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the correspondence. I was very much pleased to see my last letter printed. We had two weeks' holidays at school, and it started on Monday, Aug. 18. I like to go to school very much. I am also very fond of reading and have read quite a number of books; some of them are: 'Little Men,' 'Bessie on Her Travels,' 'Bessie at School,' 'Abby Blake,' 'Harry Blake's Troubles,' 'Elsie and the Raymond's,' 'Elsie's Womanhood,' 'Profiles,' 'Our Bessie,' and many others that I cannot think of. I like Louisa M. Alcott's books better than those of any other author. I am a member of the Maple Leaf Club; I lost my button a few days ago, but I must write for another. We have a band here in Echo Vale, and on August 7 we had an entertainment at a place about three miles from here called Marsboro. It was quite a success.

KATIE McD.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to your paper. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I think I like the 'Boys' and Girls' Page' and the correspondence best. I am eleven years old. I go to school and I am in the fifth book. My teacher's name is Miss MacKinnon. I like her very much. I have three sisters and one brother. My sisters' names are Mabel, Dorothy and Jean, and my brother's name is Frederic. I am very fond of reading. I like reading historical books. I wonder if any of your little readers have read a book called 'St. James, or the Court of Queen Anne.' It is a very interesting book. My favorite authors are: A. L. O. E., Louisa M. Alcott, Henty, and Marrat. ETHEL C. L. (Age 11.)

Kinmount, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen two letters from Kinmount in your paper, so I thought I would write. My teacher's name is Mr. Roberts; there is a new school being built at present. Our village is surrounded by high, rocky hills, and a river runs through the centre. I live on a hill with a great many large trees on it. There are two hotels, a stave factory, two saw-mills, one creamery, three churches, two blacksmiths, nine stores, and a post-office. I read the 'Elsie' books, 'Pansy's,' Rosa Carey's, and others. I hope I will see this letter in print. I have two brothers and one sister. IDA H.

West New Annan, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' since last December and like it fine. I enjoy reading the letters, so I thought I would write a letter in answer to Miss C. J. McIvor's. Papa is reading 'The Man From Glengarry' and we all enjoy it. I am very fond of reading, and

go to school; we only have half a mile to go. I am in the fifth grade; we have vacation now. Several of my little cousins from New Annan wrote to the 'Messenger.' This is my first letter, and I hope to hear from Miss McIvor again. I am quite a lot younger than she is. I will be twelve years old on Sept. 8. We live on the mountains; it is quite a pretty place. We live eight miles from Tatamagouche; we have falls on our farm. Quite a number come to see the falls in summer. Papa has a saw-mill, and it is fun catching trout in the dam and seeing them skip about in the water. We have a nice Sunday-school. My two brothers and sister and myself attend it. Mamma is quite well acquainted on the Gulf and Fox Harbor. Mr. John McIvor and Mr. Gordon McDonald are her cousins. I would like to see letters in the 'Messenger' from Gertie McIvor and her little sisters. MINNIE E. BYERS.

Feversham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. We live in a village. My father has a farm of one hundred acres. We keep it rented. My father is an undertaker and agent. I go to school; I passed the Entrance Examination this month. My teacher's name is Mr. Hudson. He is a good teacher. I have one sister and two brothers. My two brothers are in Toronto. I am the youngest of the family. I have a pet cat; her name is Minnie. I intend going to Toronto for a visit in about two weeks. We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school. We like it very well, and we are always very anxious to get it. I like the correspondence and the 'Little Folks' Page.' There are two blacksmith shops, three stores, one temperance hotel, two carpenter shops and a number of dwelling-houses here. There is a fine rock called the Beaver Rock. We have a grist and saw-mill. F. M. M. P. (Age 12.)

Kemptville, Yarmouth Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many letters in the 'Messenger' I resolved to write one also. This is the second year I have taken the 'Messenger.' I would not like to be without it, as I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a lot of books. I have five brothers and two sisters. My youngest sister is a cripple. We have a horse to carry us to school, which is two and one-half miles away. I like to go to school and am in the eighth grade. My father is a farmer. We live on a farm, consisting of 2,200 acres. We keep about seventy head of cattle, fifty-five of sheep, and two horses. Mamma has a bed of strawberries and we eat all we want. I would like to see this in print, as I have never written to any paper before. We have all around our house pretty flowers. We also have a number of house plants, and six of them have bloomed. I was ten years old last March.

FANNIE B.

Acadia Mines, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have only written to your paper once before. I hope I will see this letter in print. My papa is working in Sydney. I am ten years old. I would like some little girl to correspond with me, if they would please write first. My address is: Ida Williams, Acadia Mines, Col. Co., N.S.

(In future we cannot publish such a very short letter as the above. Correspondents should try to give some news.—Ed.)

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HOUSEHOLD.

Compensation.

(May Riley Smith, in 'Northwestern Advocate.')

She folded up the worn and mended frock,
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright wool musing thoughtfully:
'Can this be all? The great world is so fair,
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways.'
A cripple prisoned in her restless chair,
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

'I can but weave a faint thread to and fro,
Making a frail woof in a baby's sock;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
At its strong gates my trembling hands would knock.'
Just then the children came, the father, too;
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom.
'Dear heart,' he whispered, as he nearer drew,
'How sweet it is within this room!

'God puts my strongest comfort here to draw
When thirst is great and common wells are dry.
Your pure desire is my unerring law;
Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?
Home is the pasture where my soul may feed,
This room a paradise has grown to be;
And only where these patient feet shall lead
Can it be home for these dear ones and me.'

He touched with reverent hand the helpless feet,
The children crowded close and kissed her hair.
'Our mother is so good and kind and sweet,
There's not another like her anywhere!'
The baby in her low bed opened wide
The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes,
And viewed the group about the cradle side
With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

The mother drew the baby to her knee,
And smiling, said: 'The stars shine soft to-night;
My world is fair; its edges sweet to me,
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right!'

How to Keep the House Cool.

'Many things can be done to make even the small house a comfortable, restful place in hot weather,' writes Maria Parloa, in 'The Ladies' Home Journal' for August. 'Of course the windows must be properly shaded with blinds or awnings, and also well screened. All the heavy hangings should be removed, and when possible the carpets should be taken up or covered with linen. Cool colors, such as white, gray, light greens and blues, should take the place of warmer colors. Thin white muslin curtains soften the light. The house should be well aired and sunned at least once a day. The early morning is best for this. Open all the windows and blinds and let the sun and air pour through the house. About nine o'clock close the blinds and all the windows except one or two downstairs and two or three upstairs. In the open windows place wet grass screens, or cover the regular screens with wet flannel. When the sun goes down open all the windows, and blinds. A sky-light or window should be kept open night and day in the attic, except, of course, when it rains. The cellar windows should be open only at night. If they are not closed during the heat of the day the warm, moisture-laden air enters the cellar and condenses on walls, pipes, metals, etc., and in a few days will make it so damp as to be an unsuitable place for keeping food.'

Cod Fish Recipes.

For Fish Pudding take two pounds of cod fish, cut in slices about the size of silver dollars, half an inch thick; fill the bowl with the paste, as usual, lay some of the fish on the bottom, season with salt, pepper, a little chopped parsley, onions, a little flour and pieces of the liver, if any, then the fish, and so on, until full; add a gill of milk or water, shake it well, tie up, and boil one hour and serve. A little bay leaf and thyme may be added, if handy. All fish may be done the same way, varying the flavor according to taste.

To serve Salt Codfish with Eggs, take a pint bowlful of shredded fish, place it in a pan, cover with water and set on the back of the stove. When the fish is fresh enough drain off the water and melt a piece of butter the size of an egg with the fish, stirring in a tablespoon of flour and letting the mixture cook, being careful to avoid its becoming brown. Then add three cups of milk and after it has come to a boil break in carefully as many fresh eggs as there are persons to be served. Take the eggs out when the whites are cooked, place them on a shallow dish, and pour the fish over them.

Salt codfish, when properly prepared, with the salt washed and boiled out, then creamed and served on toast, is an ideal quick-breakfast dish. When the larder is comparatively empty and the butcher does not send the steak in time pick and shred a bowl of codfish until very fine and light. Put it into a stewpan and cover with cold water. Let it come slowly to a boil, while you rub a tablespoon of sifted flour into a generous one of butter. Turn the fish into a colander and drain off the salt water; then turn it back into the pan and pour over it about half a pint of rich milk or cream. Let this reach the boiling point, then stir in the flour and butter to thicken slightly. Cook three or four minutes longer, then turn over squares of nicely browned and buttered toast.

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FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

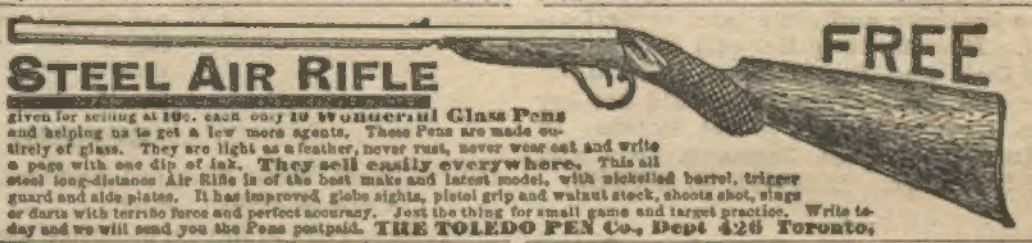
Made of selected California redwood, handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 3 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at 15c. each only 8 Canadian Home Cook Books and helping us to get a few more agents. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. We send you the Cook Books on credit, but as a proof of good faith and to show that you mean business we require a deposit of 1c. on each book, or 8c. in all, which you may keep out of the $1.20 received for the 8 books. Send your order and 8c. deposit to-day. You can easily sell the Cook Books in a few minutes. Every housekeeper buys one. 30,000 sold already. **Home Specialty Co., Dept. 429 Toronto**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, ebonized case, open action, double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling at 10c. each only 10 packages of delicious Vanilla, Lemon and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **THE HOME SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 402, TORONTO, Ont.**

97 PIECES FREE

Dinner and Tea Set, elegantly decorated English China, 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pats, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all **97 full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given away** for selling at **15c.** each only **16** beautiful 14k. Gold finished Stone Set Stick Pins and helping us to secure a few more agents. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Sapphires, etc., of so fine a quality and brilliant a finish that only an expert could tell them from real gems. They look easily worth ten times what we ask and at our price, **15c.** go like wildfire. You can earn this handsome Dinner and Tea Set in a few minutes of your spare time. Write to-day and we send Stick Pins postpaid. **Don't miss this chance.** Pin Co., Dept. 424, Toronto



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given for selling at 10c. each only 10 **Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This all steel long-distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickelled barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, shoots shot, slugs or darts with terrible force and perfect accuracy. Just the thing for small game and target practice. Write to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN Co., Dept 426 Toronto.**

FREE $40.00 SEWING MACHINE

DROP-HEAD cabinet style, beautiful mirror-like Antique Golden Oak finish, fine Japanned stand, duplex treadle, finely enamelled and Gold decorated extra high and extra long arm head, case hardened tool steel bearings, with take-up features, complete with latest adjustable tension release, adjustable presser foot and bar, automatic bobbin winder, self-threading cylinder shuttle, self-setting needle, positive double action vibrating feed, **and all accessories**, including oil can, extra bobbins, needles, etc., and Instruction Book. The best constructed, strongest, easiest running, finest appearing and most reliable Sewing Machine, sold for less than $40.00. **Given Absolutely Free** for selling, at **15c.** each, only **2½ Doz. Canadian Home Cook Books** and securing a few more agents. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. We send you the Cook Books on credit, but as a proof of good faith, and to show that you mean business, we require a deposit of 1c. on each book, 30c. in all, which you may keep out of the $4.50 received for the books. Send your order and 30c. deposit to-day. You can easily sell the Cook Books in an hour. Every housekeeper buys one. 20,000 sold already. Don't miss this Grand Chance to get a $40.00 Sewing Machine absolutely free. **Home Specialty Co.**, Dept. 427, **Toronto.**

40-PIECE TEA SET

FREE 40-Piece China Tea Set—12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A regular $5.00 Set.** Given for selling at 15c. each only 10 14k. Golden Stone Set **Lockets** and helping us to secure a few more agents. These beautiful Friendship Hearts are three times the size of the picture and are each set with a brilliant imitation precious stone. They are used to contain miniature photographs of lovers, sweethearts or very dear friends. They look well worth 50c. Millions have already been sold in the large cities. Write to-day and we will send the Lockets postpaid. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., DEPT 411, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

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LADY'S WATCH FREE for selling at 10c. each, only 1 doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and securing a few more agents for us. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every housekeeper buys one or more packages. You can earn this watch in a few minutes. It is a little beauty with silver nickel case, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders, postpaid. We trust you. **HOME SUPPLY CO. BOX N. L., TORONTO.**

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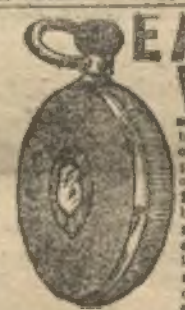
The most popular and fascinating game that has appeared in many years. All the rage in large cities. Young and old enjoy it equally. Complete Outfit, consisting of dividing net with posts and clamps, two regulation bats, two genuine celluloid balls and full instructions given free for selling at 15c. each only 6 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. You can easily sell it and earn this interesting and delightful game in a few minutes. **Canadian Premium Syndicate**, Dept. 423, **Toronto.**

Earn This Watch

by selling at 15c. each only 7 beautiful 14k. Gold finished Stone Set Stick Pins and helping us to get a few more agents. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Sapphires, etc., of so fine a quality and brilliant a finish that only an expert could tell them from real gems. They look easily worth ten times what we ask, and at our price only 15c. go like wildfire. This handsome watch has polished **Silver nickel** open face case, the back elaborately engraved, with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. Write to-day and we will send the stick pins postpaid. **THE PIN CO., DEPT. 400, TORONTO.**



EARN THIS WATCH by selling at 10c. each only 10 packages of Ancient Chinese blue black **Ink Powder** and securing a few more agents for us. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth), of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and **useful** that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **silver nickel** open face **case**, the back **elaborately engraved**, with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. With care **it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the 10 packages postpaid. **You can** sell them and **earn this Watch in a few minutes.** Western Ink Co **Box N. Y. Toronto.**

FREE WRITING CASE

Handsome Lady's Secretary 10½ inches long, 7 inches wide and 3½ inches deep, made of mahogany finished highly polished hardwood with hinged top beautifully inlaid with lighter woods and decorated with lovely designs of berries and leaves in colors. It is lined throughout with rich purple velvet and when opened forms a sloping desk. It has compartments for papers, envelopes, letters, also pens, pencils, ink bottles, etc. When closed it fastens with a good lock and key. **We give this Magnificent Writing Case** for selling at 10c each only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to secure a few more Agents. **Nothing Sells so easily as our Perfume.** THOS. BARRY, AMHERSTBURG, ONT., says, "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **Rose Perfume Co.**, Dept. **412**, Toronto.

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Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to feet in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings and lace trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy Princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given free** for selling at **15c.** each only 6 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can easily sell the 6 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **Canadian Premium Syndicate.** Dept. N.D., **Toronto.**

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The famous "Nipper," the finest in the world, sold at less than $5.00. Takes a picture 2¼x1¾ in.; has high grade Achromatic Set focus lens, perfect dust cap, brilliant detachable view-finder for upright or horizontal pictures, and perfectly adjusted shutter for snapshot or time exposures. The camera is made entirely of thin sheets of metal covered with fine seal grain leatherette, all the attachments being brightly nickel-plated. It takes six plates at once, the holders being furnished free with the camera. It takes a perfect picture, and is easy to handle. We give this **famous "Nipper" Camera** for selling at **15c.** each only 8 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can easily sell the 8 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **CANADIAN PREMIUM SYNDICATE, Dept. 422, Toronto.**

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For selling at **10c.** each only **15 Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This handsome watch is beautifully Gold finished and elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., Dept. 415, TORONTO**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

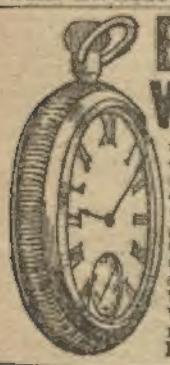
Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, ebonized case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling at 10 each only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys our Perfume.** THOS. BARRY, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., DEPT. 402, TORONTO.**

FREE ALBUM

given for selling at **10c.** each only **10** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the perfume in fifteen minutes." This beautiful quarto Album is bound in full renaissance celluloid, with silk plush back and cover, handsomely decorated with a finely-colored floral design, gold title, border, edges and spring clasp. It holds a large collection of both cabinet and panel photographs. Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Dep't 417, Toronto.**

DANCING SKELETON

14 inches high, with movable arms and legs. After allowing the spectators to examine it to prove there is no hidden mechanism you lay it on the table and ask someone to whistle a tune, when to the astonishment of everybody, the skeleton raises its head, and peers about cautiously, then slowly gets upon its feet and seeming to hear the music begins to dance. As the whistling becomes livelier so does the magic skeleton keeping time to the music. Affords hours of fun and completely mystifies everyone. Price, with directions, 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**



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EARN THIS MAGIC LANTERN

with powerful lenses showing dozens of comical pictures in colors, by selling at 15c. each only six cards, each containing 4 Collar Buttons with Gold finished lever tops and celluloid backs and helping us to get other agents. Each card of Buttons is worth 40c. At 15c. a card they are a wonderful bargain. They sell so easily that you will earn this splendid Magic Lantern in a few minutes. **You can then make lots of money giving exhibitions.** Write to-day for the Collar Buttons. **THE GOLDAIGH CO., DEPT. 4 6. TORONTO.**

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FREE GOLD CASED WATCH

given for selling at 15c. each only 10 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins, with beautifully designed tops set with large sparkling imitation, Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds, etc. and helping us to get a few more agents. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write to-day for Hat Pins and we will send them, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO. Box N. G. Toronto.**

BARGAIN SALE

Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest fine goods I ever got." Price, per box, only 25c., or 3 boxes for 50c. postpaid. Millinery Supply Co., Box N. 8, Toronto.

FREE 40-Piece China Tea Set—12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12

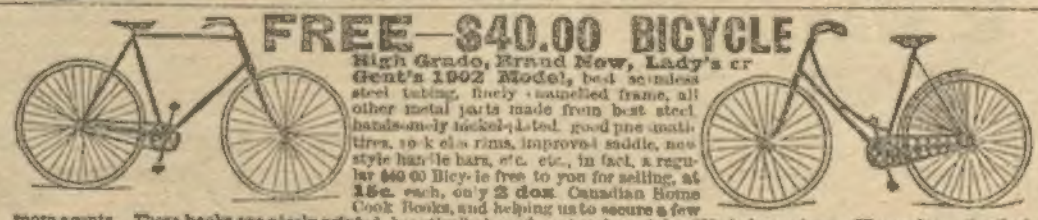
Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A Regular $5.00 Set.** Given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large, beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. You can earn this Tea Set in a few minutes. THOS. BARRY, AMHERSTBURG, ONT., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the perfume postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., DEPT. 411. TORONTO**

SHOT GUN FREE

For selling at **15c.** each, only **10** handsome pieces of Jewelry Stick Pins, Brooches, Lockets, etc. and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of Jewelry looks worth 50c. At our price **15c. everybody buys.** This splendid gun is finely made with best quality steel barrel, taper choked-bore, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder-plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $5.00 for this gun. You can get one absolutely free in exchange for a few minutes of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 403, Toronto.

FREE VIOLIN

Full size. Made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings. **Given absolutely free** for selling at **10c.** each only **10 Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are as light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell everywhere.** You can easily earn this Grand Concert Violin in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Pens, postpaid. The Toledo Pen Co., Dept. 408, Toronto Ont.



FREE—$40.00 BICYCLE

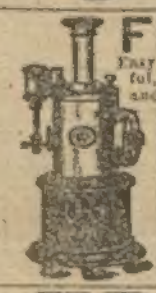
High Grade, Brand New, Lady's or Gent's 1902 Model, best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled frame, all other metal parts made from best steel, handsomely nickel-plated, good pneumatic tires, nobby clincher rims, improved saddle, new style handle bars, etc. etc., in fact, a regular $40.00 Bicycle free to you for selling, at **15c.** each, only **2 doz.** Canadian Home Cook Books, and helping us to secure a few more agents. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. We send you the Cook Books on credit, but as a proof of good faith, and to show that you mean business, we require a deposit of 1c. on each book, or 24c. in all, which you may keep out of the $3.60 received for the 24 books. Send your order and 24c. deposit to-day. You can easily sell the Cook Books in an hour or. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 428, TORONTO**

EARN THIS COUCH

Handsome Velours Tufted Couch Given for selling at **10c.** each only 7½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every woman will buy one or more packages. This elegant and stylish Couch has frame of best selected hardwood, mahogany finish, finest tempered steel springs, full deep spring edge, head and seat, stuffed with best excelsior, upholstered in high quality, four-toned figured velours in all the latest colors, as desired, dark and myrtle green, peacock blue, maroon, old rose, crimson, etc. **Deep Tufting, full roll head,** ornamental rosettes, a magnificent piece of furniture that will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. We trust you. **HOME SUPPLY CO. BOX N C., Toronto.**

EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at **10c.** each only **10** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get other agents. Its fragrance lasts for years. **Nothing sells like it.** Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." This handsome watch has polished **Silver nickel** open face case, the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last 10 years.** Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **You can sell it and earn this watch in a few minutes ROSE PERFUME CO., Dept. 409, Toronto.**



FREE STEAM ENGINE

Easy running, swift and powerful, with iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly-wheel and Russian iron burner compartment given for selling at 15c. each only six **Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold-finished lever tops set with brilliant, flashing electric diamonds and helping us to get other agents. Nothing sells like our Diamond Collar Buttons. Write to-day and we will send them postpaid. **GEM NOVELTY CO.,** Dept. 421, **Toronto**

FREE COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

given for selling at **15c.** each only **6 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved, Gold-finished lever tops, set with large, sparkling, Electric Diamonds, and helping us to get a few more Agents. **Everybody buys.** This magnificent knife is a complete tool chest in itself, consisting of, 1, screwdriver; 2, nut-cracker; 3, hoof-cleaner; 4, punch; 5, corkscrew; 6, tweezers; 7, probe; 8, big blade, and 9, little blade. A strong, well-finished knife, made in Sheffield of best quality English **steel,** with stag handle and nickel-plate. Write to-day and we will send the collar buttons postpaid. **THE GEM NOVELTY CO., DEPT 404, TORONTO.**

FUR RUFF FREE

Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish

Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest Sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given Absolutely Free** for selling at **15c.** each only 8 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Stick Pins, Lockets, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can sell the 8 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **We trust you. Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. N. K. F. Toronto**

FREE LADY'S WORK BOX

Made of highly polished hard wood, handsomely decorated with flowers and leaves butterflies and scrolls work, all in beautiful colors, with satin pincushion, needlecase, embroidery scissors and splendid mirror. Given for selling at **10c.** each only 9 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 418, Toronto**

GIRLS LOOK

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, and handtrimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given free** for selling at **15c.** each only 8 beautiful 14k. Gold-Finished Stick Pins and helping us to get a few more agents. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. They look easily worth 50c. and at our price, only 15c., **go like wildfire.** Write to-day and we will send you the Stick Pins postpaid. **THE PIN CO., DEPT. 425, TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE GOLD WATCH
LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful Watch. Looks **worth $ 00.00.** We give it for selling at 15c. each only **1 doz.** fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins, with beautifully designed tops set with large sparkling imitation **Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds,** etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. **Our Hat Pins** look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** You can **earn this elegant watch in a few minutes.** Write to-day and we will send Hat Pins, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO. BOX N. H., TORONTO**

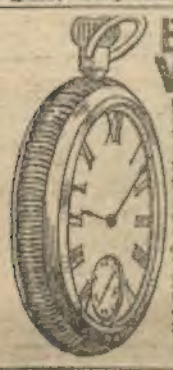
FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE

made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose with brass nozzle, given for selling at 15c each only 6 Diamond Collar Buttons with richly engraved Gold-finished tops, set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this wonderful Fire Engine in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **The Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 420, Toronto**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

elegantly finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, tortoise case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling at 10c each only **10 wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell everywhere.** You can easily earn this accordeon in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 402, TORONTO, ONT.**

EARN THIS WATCH

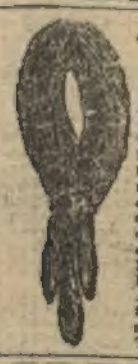


by selling at 10c each only 10 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **silver nickel** open face case, the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **You can sell them and earn the watch in a few minutes. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 400 TORONTO, Ontario.**

WALKING DOLL FREE

for selling at 10c. each only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." This **wonderful Walking Doll** is beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 419. Toronto

FUR RUFF FREE



Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest Sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at 10c. each only one doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **We trust you.** The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 408 Toronto

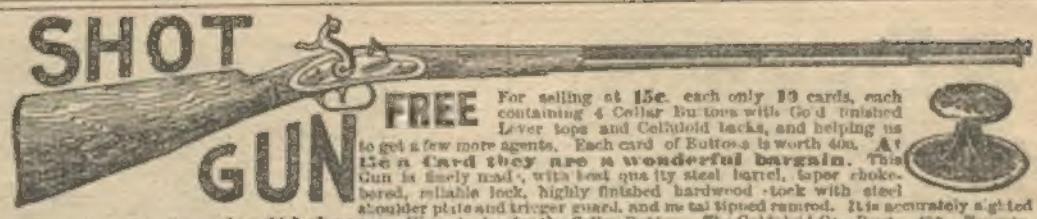
FREE 8-KEY CORNET

Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful clear sweet tone, given for selling at 10c. each only 9 **wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **The Toledo Pen Co., Dept 413 Toronto**

MORRIS CHAIR EASILY EARNED

by selling at 10c. each, only 2 doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. Each package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every woman buys one or more packages. This handsome **Reclining** Chair is made of the finest Golden Oak, highly polished, upholstered in rich velours with handsome patterns in light, dark or medium colors. The cushions are deeply tufted, all-wool filled and the back can be adjusted to any position. This magnificent piece of furniture will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders, postpaid. We trust you. **THE HOME SUPPLY CO., DEPT. N. M TORONTO, ONT.**

SHOT GUN FREE



For selling at 15c. each only 10 cards, each containing 4 Collar Buttons with Gold finished Lever tops and Celluloid backs, and helping us to get a few more agents. Each card of Buttons is worth 40c. **At 15c a Card they are a wonderful bargain.** This Gun is finely made, with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Write to-day for the Collar Buttons. The Goldaloid Co., Dept. 403, Toronto.

FREE VIOLIN.

Powerful, Sweet-tone with strings and bow, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and body finished trimmings, given for selling at 15c. each only 7 **Diamond Collar Buttons,** with richly engraved Gold finished lever tops, set with large, sparkling Electric Diamonds, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys our Collar Buttons.** You can earn this Grand Concert Violin in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **Gem Novelty Co., Dep't. 406, Toronto.**

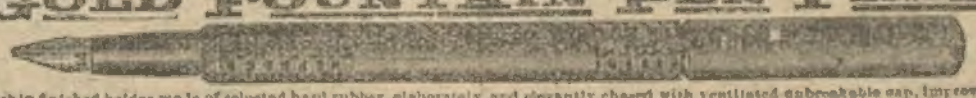
FREE TWO SUPERB RINGS

Both beautifully gold-finished, one set with 3 large handsome Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow, and the other set with 3 fiery, flashing, rich, red Rubies in fancy claw settings. **We give both these handsome Rings** for selling at 15c. each only 9 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to secure a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume. Its fragrance lasts for years.** You can easily earn both these Rings in a few minutes. Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume, postpaid. The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 409, Toronto.

97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

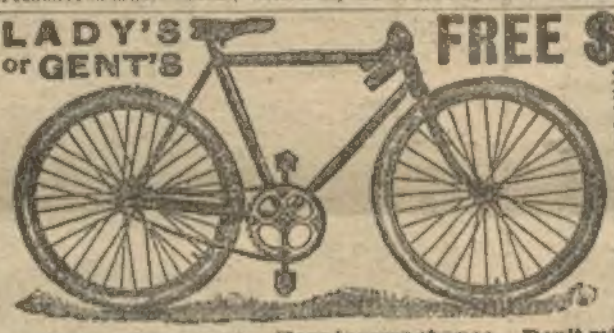
Elegantly decorated English China. 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 13 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all **97 full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given away** for selling only 3 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, at 10c. each, and helping us to secure a few more Agents. Our 10c. packages of Flavoring Powders are equal to 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and are far better. You can sell the whole 3 doz. packages in a few minutes. Every house-keeper buys one or more. This handsome set will not cost you one cent. All the **97 Pieces are full size** for family use. All you have to sell is 3 doz. 10c. packages of our wonderful Flavoring Powders. **We trust you fully.** Write to-day and we will send you the Powders postpaid. **Don't miss this Chance. The Home Supply Co., Box N. T. Toronto.**

GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN FREE



Highly finished holder made of selected hard rubber, elaborately and elegantly chased with ventilated unbreakable cap, improved feed, and genuine **Real Solid Gold Nib.** A handsome Pen good for years of constant use. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at 15c. each only **8 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved Gold finished lever tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this elegant Gold Fountain Pen in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 407, Toronto

LADY'S or GENT'S FREE $40.00 BICYCLE



Brand new, Lady's or Gent's, 1902 model. No cent to pay. All we ask is a little of your time. **A real Bicycle, High Grade, Brand new,** with every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled Diamond frame, all other metal parts made from best steel, well finished and handsomely nickel plated; good pneumatic tires, rat-tail rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, new style hand-bars, etc., etc. High grade ball bearings throughout—in fact a regular $40.00 Bicycle free to you for selling only 2 doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Brick Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, etc., that look worth 50c. at only 15c. each, and helping us to get a few more agents. Please **remember,** you have to sell only $5.60 worth of Jewelry. **The Bicycle will cost you not one cent. Here is your chance. Don't miss it.** One agent says: "I am well pleased with my Bicycle. It is the easiest running wheel I have ever been on. Frank Clemens, Tara, Ont." Write to-day, and we will send you the Jewelry, on credit, postpaid. Address, **The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Box N. B, Toronto.**

FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at 10c. each, only 10 packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. **THE WESTERN INK CO., TORONTO**

FREE—40-Piece China Tea Set.

12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A Regular $5.00 Set.** Full size for family use. Given for selling at 15c. each only 10 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Lockets, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. each you can easily sell the 10 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 411, Toronto, Ontario.**

Silk 2c.

Remnants from Silk Factories. All new choice material, bright new patterns, endless variaties of colors. All pieces of good size for fancy work. To prove that we are offering a great bargain we will mail samples free to any one who will send a 2-cent stamp to pay the postage. When you see the Silk we know you will be sure to send us a good sized order. House Supply Co., Dept. N S Toronto, Ont

FREE GOLD WATCH LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $50.00. We give it** for selling at **10c.** each, only 1½ doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get other agents. **Every body buys our perfume.** Write to-day and we will send it postpaid. **Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 410, Toronto**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 12c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto.

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling at 10c each only 9 **Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more Agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are as light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This magnificent Knife is a Complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1-screw driver, 2-nut cracker, 3-hoof cleaner, 4-punch, 5-corkscrew, 6-tweezers, 7-probe, 8-big blade, 9-little blade. A strong, well finished knife, made in Sheffield of the best quality English steel, with stag handle and name plate. Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 404. TORONTO, ONT.**

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